

# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1311.

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NOTICE is hereby given, that the Board will, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of DECEMBER next, proceed to the ELECTION of the DOONELLAN LECTURER for 1853.

Applications from Candidates, with a statement of their Claims, should be sent in before that day to the Registrar.

Each Candidate is required to send in with his application a statement of the subject which he proposes for his Course of Sermons.

None but Fellows, Ex-Fellows, Bachelors of Divinity, or Doctors of Divinity of this University, are entitled to be Candidates.

THOMAS LUBY, D.D., Registrar.

November 15, 1852.

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By order of the Council.

G. AUBREY BEZZI, Hon. Sec.

Office of the Arundel Society, Nov. 5, 1851.

## GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES and of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

**MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.**

Prof. RAMSAY will commence a course of forty Lectures upon GEOLOGY on MONDAY NEXT, the 13th inst., at 3 o'clock, to be continued on every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at the same hour.—For further particulars apply to Mr. THOMAS BEES, Curator of the Museum, Jernyn-street.

H. T. DE LA BECHE, Director.

## ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION in FORM and COLOUR.

DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART.

On and after the 4th of December, and every Saturday afternoon (except during the Christmas Vacation), a Class of Schoolmasters and Pupil Teachers will meet in the Lecture Room at Two o'clock, for the purpose of receiving instruction in the system of teaching Elementary Form and Colour, and the use of the Examples and Models, recommended by the Department. Fee for six Demonstrations One Shilling.—For information apply to Mr. J. C. Housson, Marlborough House.

(Signed) W. R. DEVEREILL, Secretary.

## THREE LECTURES will be delivered at the DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, on WOOD ENGRAVING, by JOHN THOMPSON, Esq.

Admission to the Course, 1s. 6d.

LECTURE I. On FRIDAY Evening, 17th Dec. at 7 P.M.—Introductory—Engraving in Relief—First used by the Chinese. Early use in Germany and the Low Countries—Engraving—Typesetting—Notices of Art up to the first thirty years of the Sixteenth Century.

LECTURE II. On FRIDAY Evening, 7th Jan. 1853, at 7 P.M.—Engraving—The Dance of Death, 1533—Decline of the Chiar-oscuro—Upo da Carpi—Printing in Oil Colours—J. M. Papirol; his Treatise—Explanation of the difference between the Ancient and Modern processes.

LECTURE III. On FRIDAY Evening, 14th Jan. 1853, at 7 P.M.—Revival of the Art by the two Bewicks—Establishment of what is called the London School—Revival of the Art in France and Germany—The Printing Machine, and Results—Recent State of the Art.

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The Artists of the United Kingdom who intend to exhibit, are requested to communicate as early as possible with Mr. HENRY MOORE, the Superintendent of the Fine Arts Division of the Exhibition, at the London Office, Society of Arts, Adelphi, by whom every information will be afforded.

By Order of the General Committee.

C. P. RONEY, Secretary.

## THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION of 1853.

To open on the 1st of May, 1853.

The Committee are at present engaged in considering the very numerous applications for space already forwarded, upon which they purpose to communicate their decision with as little delay as possible.

By order of the Committee.

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1st Dec. 1852.

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## REVIEWS

*The Xenia of Göthe and Schiller, with an Explanation—[Die Schiller-Göthischen Xenien, &c.].* By E. J. Saupe. Leipsig, Weber; London, Nutt.

THE merit of this little volume consists in its completeness. Herr Saupe does not seem to have made any original discoveries with regard to the "Xenia" or their history:—nay, he is scarcely original as a seeker for facts. But he has made a judicious use of the labours of others,—to whom he honestly owns his obligations; and the elucidations which he affixes to the epigrams, as well as the historical matter which serves as introduction and conclusion, are presented for the first time in a form accessible to the general public. None but special students would refer to a back number of the 'Archiv für das Studium der Neuen Sprachen' for the sake of reading Düntzer's article on the "Xenia," to which Saupe is much indebted,—and which of course presupposes a possession of the "Xenia" themselves; but here the general reader has before him a work which has made its fair share of noise in the literary world, with just as much additional knowledge as will enable him to read pleasantly and easily without plunging into a sea of investigation.

Certainly there is no work in existence to which the addition of a perpetual comment is more indispensably necessary than the collection of epigrams which Göthe and Schiller used as the organs of their spleen. In many satirical works we may assume the object of attack to be a somebody extremely absurd or extremely vicious, and the joke will not be without its point. Many a *bon-mot* of Voltaire, for instance, may be told as a good story, and produce an effect, though the victim of the thrust is totally unknown to the audience. But the two great poets of Germany had not sufficient of English wit or of French *esprit* to compose a series of satirical distichs amusing by their salt alone. The understanding of the allusion is generally necessary not only for the perception of the point, but for the discovery that there is any point at all.

The history of the "Xenia" is, on the whole, more interesting than the "Xenia" themselves; inasmuch as it sets forth an important epoch in the lives of the two poets, while the epigrams are for the most part hurled at a host of forgotten poetasters. It was in the composition of the "Xenia" that Göthe and Schiller first seemed to come to a proper understanding with each other,—evidently feeling that they had a common hatred to work upon. The story of the meeting between the poets at Rudolstadt, in 1788, when Göthe, returning from Italy, found Schiller in possession of more fame than was perhaps agreeable, is but the story of a failure on the part of some well-meaning person in an endeavour to amalgamate two elements at first irreconcilable. A mutual coolness, if that expression be not too mild, continued for the five following years, and it was not till 1794 that an approximation of souls really took place. A well-known discussion about the metamorphosis of plants, in the course of which Göthe described a symbolic plant, and Schiller declared that this was not an actual existence, but an *idea*, furnished a point of contact susceptible of improvement;—then came Schiller's stay with Göthe at Weimar in September 1794,—and from this date the connexion between the poets remained indissoluble until Schiller's death in 1805.

The immediate occasion of the "Xenia" was, the failure of the periodical publication entitled

'Die Horen,' the first number of which came out in 1795. 'Die Horen' was to shine forth as a vehicle for "all the talents,"—who were to display themselves in the several departments of philosophy, history and the *belles lettres*; and it still lives in the memory of the literary world as being the first means of communicating several of the most noted works of Schiller and Göthe to the German public. The 'Unterhaltungen deutschen Ausgewanderten,' which may not improperly be called Göthe's Decameron, the translation of 'Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography,' Schiller's 'Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man' and 'Siege of Antwerp,' with other notoriety both in prose and in verse, here first saw the light. The work was under the superintendence of the two poets,—but Schiller took the more active part in the management. He it was who made the agreement with Cotta for publication,—and who wrote the stately advertisement in which he informed the public how, amid the political broils and troubles of the day, it might seek consolation beneath the banner of truth and beauty, which was to be set up under the sanction of the three divine "Hours"—Eunomia, Dike and Irene.

Neither the sublime appeal to the public, nor the great names of Göthe and Schiller, nor the host of "talent" which they assembled round them, and which comprised Fichte, Gentz, Herder, W. von Humboldt, Jacobi, and A. W. Schlegel—in fact, the very best men of the day,—could secure anything like a satisfactory success for the new publication. To borrow a favourite word from the slang of the present day, 'Die Horen' was voted *slow*,—and even the praise which it obtained was of a kind that did not flatter the editors. The articles which they considered the weakest in the collection were extolled by the public as the best; and when the critics named the authors of the various papers, they committed blunders which showed a sad want of appreciation. The positive attacks contained in some of the critical journals of the time—among which the 'Neue Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften,' originally founded by Göthe's old enemy, Nicolai, the bookseller, but now in other hands, was most conspicuous—increased the disgust occasioned by the negative demeanour of the general public,—and a letter from Schiller to W. von Humboldt, written in August 1795, shows that he was already heartily tired of the new periodical.

Still, though the love for 'Die Horen' had cooled, and though Schiller was now assured that his publication was a mistake in the first instance, the indignation of the two poets at their failure was not a little vehement,—and they began to think how they might gratify their revenge. The 'Musenalmanach,' a poetical miscellany,—which has a sort of representative even at the present day, and which Schiller was then founding,—seemed to present itself as a quiver fitted to contain satirical arrows; and in the Christmas of 1795, the two brothers in literature hit upon the notion that a series of epigrammatic distichs, to be called "Xenia," after the example of Martial's Thirteenth Book, would not only serve to overwhelm their adversaries with disgrace and confusion, but would give a spice to a collection otherwise serious and sentimental. The thought was speedily followed by action;—and during the year 1796 the letters that passed between the two poets show the importance which was attached to the new scheme, and the progress that was made in carrying it out.—Extracts from already published letters having immediate reference to the subject are copiously made and well brought together in Herr Saupe's introductory history.

Although the poets firmly adhered to the general plan of their "Xenia" from the moment when it was first suggested by Göthe and eagerly caught up by Schiller, the manner of reducing it to practice underwent several modifications. At first the epigrams were to be only one hundred in number,—and were to be chiefly directed against those journals which had contained unfavourable notices of 'Die Horen.' However, in March 1796 the collection had so much increased, that the original plan of publishing it in the 'Musenalmanach' was for a while abandoned,—and the poets resolved to increase the number to a thousand, and to bring out the epigrams in a separate volume. Just as the originally proposed number of one hundred had proved too small, so did the number of one thousand appear too large; and as the august anger of the two poet-kings had somewhat cooled in the working,—(Göthe always found writing an excellent safety-valve for ill humour)—they began to give up the idea of firing off the "Xenia" in one volley, and thought of scattering them about various pages of the 'Musenalmanach' as so many typographical stop-gaps. This distribution would have entirely marred the effect at first intended; and on further deliberation, a middle course was adopted. The innocent epigrams which merely treated of abstract subjects of art and philosophy, and which had been added to the heap in the course of production, were distributed about the first or more general part of the 'Almanach,'—while a second part was reserved for the "Xenia" *par excellence*.

At length, in the year 1797, the "infernal machine" that was to blow all irreverent critics and poetasters to atoms made its appearance. The 'Almanach' was not elaborately decorated,—one engraving of the muse Terpsichore on the title-page was all the ornament,—but it was nevertheless what we should call in modern parlance a "strong number." The first part contained Göthe's lovely 'Alexis und Doris,' and Schiller's 'Klage der Ceres,' and several other poems of note,—and the second, as finally agreed upon, was filled with the "Xenia."

The "hit" was tremendous. So many persons were aimed at, so divers were the causes of attack,—since not only hostility to "Die Horen," but a tendency to pietism, a dabbling in philosophy, and mediocrity in poetry, were each of them enough to mark a man as a victim,—that all the small *littérati* of Germany were more or less offended. When we turn over the "Xenia" now-a-days, we are inclined to think that the sensation which they created proves as much a thinness of skin on the side of the attacked as pungency on the side of the satirists. To make that staple butt the pious Friedrich Stolberg say, "Away with old vases and urns, I can do without them, while a delf-pot makes me happy and rich," simply because he had already expressed his admiration of a certain set of such articles painted after drawings from Raphael, required no great expenditure of pleasantry. Still less was demanded to inform Manso, who was lashed as a sort of Pseudo-Ovid, that if the real Ovid had written like him he would never have seen Tomi. Nevertheless, the average quality of the epigrams does not rise above this standard of wit; and the deeper the impartial student pursues his studies, the more will he be convinced that the two great poets of Germany would not have been snapped up for contributors by the editor of the London *Punch*.

Still, according to the testimony of the gravest authorities, the publication of the "Xenia" produced a salutary effect. The satire may not seem very pointed now,—but it had a value in its own day through the fact that every one was

touched on his weak side, and that in a manner perfectly intelligible to the public. With such a comment as Herr Saupe has provided, the epigrams make pleasant reading,—giving a lively picture of a state of things and of thoughts that now belong to a past era, but are still important as illustrating the golden age of German literature. Here and there, indeed, the good editor has allowed his zeal for elucidation to carry him a little too far. There was surely no occasion, for instance, to inform the student who Ovid was, and to state the time of his birth;—for the very fact of taking interest in such a purely literary work as the “Xenia” pre-supposes a liberal education. But, altogether, Herr Saupe has been so moderate in his comments, and having the general reader in view has so carefully avoided those discussions of *minutiae* which so often render German *literati* insufferably tedious, that we can hardly find fault with him for a little harmless twaddle on occasion.

The appearance of the “Xenia” was followed by what is called the “Xenien-Sturm,”—that is to say, a series of counter-attacks on Göthe and Schiller, written for the most part, like the “Xenia” themselves, in that antique elegiac form which was so savoury to the Germans of the classical period, and which is so detestable to the English. Of course, we are called upon by Herr Saupe—who gives a very interesting history of this “Storm,” with many specimens—to contrast the puny responses of the presumptuous victims, who would not expire quietly, with the Olympian thunder of the divine pair. But we greatly question whether an impartial reader who looks at the distichs on either side will not consider them to be “much of a muchness,”—or even think that in some cases the dwarf comes off better than the giant. An unfortunate author, indeed, consigned himself to immortal infamy by writing his distich with the pentameter first; but perhaps through the whole campaign there is not a better instance of “hitting the nail on the head” than this epigram (faulty in the pentameter), which an anonymous author addressed to the “discontented poets.”—

Arme Kritiker, ach, was müsst ihr alles nicht hören,  
Weil ihr zwei Sterbliche sagt dass sie Sterbliche sind.  
(Poor critics, what are you not forced to hear just for  
telling two mortals that they are—mortals!)

—However, the predilection for fair play will be of no avail. The writers of the “Xenia” stand so high through their other works, and their adversaries have for the most part sunk into such insignificance, that the manes of the latter must be contented if they obtain the fame of the “Mackflecknoes.”

The “stormers” against the “Xenia” were never answered. With the “Almanach” for 1797 the wrath of the thunderers was satisfied,—and when the number for 1798 appeared, it was without polemic matter. Friends attributed the silence to conscious greatness,—foes gave as the motive a desire to creep out of the contest. The last victory of the campaign was gained by Zelter; who had betted half-a-dozen of champagne that there would be no “Xenia” in the new “Musenalmanach,”—and who won his wager.

*The Keepsake*, 1853. Edited by Miss Power. Bogue.

“LIKE a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,” “The Keepsake,” we believe, alone survives to preserve the tradition of that splendid class of gift-books which for many years had such popular acceptance with the public under the generic title of *Annals*. That the great favour in which these gay and pleasant books were for a long time held should finally exhaust itself, was a consummation previously pointed out as certain by all the history of class literature, and

of the caprices to which it is apt to address itself; but to the class itself, since its decline, the critic has been singularly unjust. The best members of that class are most inadequately represented to the present generation by any of the individuals which have till lately, or till now, continued to keep alive the name. The single fact, that into the pages of these graceful volumes was poured out a large body of that lyrical poetry which has made surviving fame for some of the most popular names of the day, is in itself an answer to any affected disparagement by the transcendentalists of this later time.

Always a handsome and showy volume,—“The Keepsake” never at any time attained to a place amongst the more distinguished of the *Annals* in any literary sense. It is fair to say, however, that it never aimed at such place. To be aristocratic, not literary, was its object. Its editors were instructed to recruit in May Fair, not on Helicon. It did not matter what else any contributor wrote in its pages who was entitled to write Lord John or Lady Matilda. Rose-water was the Hippocrene of “The Keepsake,” and three strawberry leaves would have outweighed with its proprietors all the laurels that ever grew in the grove of Daphne.—The miserable mediocrity thus attained had a twofold effect. The life which “The Keepsake” never attained to for itself it helped to destroy in others. Ably and profusely got up as regards its illustrations, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath,—its excessive dullness in other respects helped to kill those of its class which pretended to spirituality, while itself survived on the strength of its own formal mediocrity. The accidents of the class of writers to which it appealed did indeed from time to time throw an intellectual gleam athwart its pages which revealed the dullness rather than relieved it. Lady Blessington, Mrs. Norton, and Mr. Monckton Milnes were all names coming within its aristocratic principle, but exceptional as regards the literary result which they yielded. Even they, however, conformed in the pages of “The Keepsake” as nearly as their nature would let them to the vapid atmosphere in which they moved:—and on the whole the work has well preserved the aristocratic character of no-meaning at which it aimed.

The present volume of “The Keepsake”—the second under the editorship of Miss Power—is somewhat better than many of its predecessors. Some of the tales which it contains are interesting and well told:—“The Hunchback of Grenoble,” by Mr. Nicholas Michell, and “An Eventful Night,” by Mrs. O. Freire Owen, may be mentioned as examples. Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Walter Savage Landor have both contributed poems,—of which the less said the better:—Barry Cornwall has a pleasing song, after his old manner, let down to “The Keepsake” level,—and Mr. Alaric Watts and Mr. Monckton Milnes have each sent graceful verses. There are lines addressed by the late Sir Walter Scott to the present Countess of Dundonald:—for whose authenticity no voucher is offered,—and none is to be found in the lines themselves.

The illustrations this year have been executed under the superintendence of Mr. Frederick A. Heath,—and though monotonous in their want of variety, are deserving of praise. The frontispiece is a careful engraving by Mr. W. H. Mote of an admirable portrait of the Duchess of Manchester, by Mr. Louis W. Desange,—an artist who is rapidly rising into deserved celebrity for the truth, and grace, and finish of his works. Mr. Buckner’s portrait of Lady John Manners, also engraved by Mr. W. H. Mote, is a charming production:—and the air of *espé-*

*glerie*, not wanting in the original, which characterizes the portrait of Lady Otway, also by Mr. Buckner, has been well preserved by Mr. B. Eyles. Full justice has been done by the same engraver to Mr. Solomon’s “Lady Lettice.” Amongst the subject-engravings is a parting scene between Hotspur and Lady Percy, well engraved by Mr. F. A. Heath, after a picture by Lord Bury,—who, in the composition and treatment of his theme has evinced considerable talent. “Jacqueline returning from Market,” by Mr. Heath, after Mr. W. Lee, is another fine engraving.

We will not part with “The Keepsake” without giving some taste of its literary quality. For this purpose, we would willingly have extracted from Mr. Charles Hervey’s “Chapter on Autographs” a very amusing letter from Mlle. Rachel to Madame Samson, dated from Interlaken in 1843,—but must content ourselves with a summary of the anecdote which it contains. It seems that the great tragedian was encountered in the *auberge* on the Montanvert by a party of French *badauds*, who disputed with each other about her identity,—one amongst them considering it impossible that *Phèdre* could have wandered so far from the boards of the *Théâtre Français*. This gentleman backed his opinion by the wager of a *leg of mutton*,—and resorted to an ingenious device to surprise the actress into some tragic exclamation which should reveal her identity. But Rachel had overheard the conversation, was proof against the *ruse*, preserved an inflexible silence, and suffered the gentleman who had laid the wager, and glorified himself on winning it, to continue his exultations till she returned to the *auberge*, when she settled the question by writing her autograph in the *Livre des Etrangers* as follows:—“Payez le gigot de mouton, Monsieur; je suis Rachel.”—*Après* of the same joint, Mr. Hervey gives us a characteristic note from the late Charles Mathews, which—while we dissent from the *dictum* of the comedian—we transcribe. It is as follows.—

“I am a butcher’s meat man, and seldom eat of more than one joint, without pastry, &c., and all the et-ceteras that are usually required after dinner. I am not *superficial* enough to require soup or fish. I like beef or mutton,—but as I am asked for an opinion, I think it bad taste to roast a leg of mutton. Yours faithfully, C. MATHEWS.”

Perhaps the most agreeable paper in the volume is Mr. Albert Smith’s “Old Swiss Traveller.” This traveller was a real personage, Jean Leopold Cysat by name,—a native of Lucerne, who published his “Travels” in 1645. He did not wander far; but he saw—or fancied he saw—during his brief peregrination as many wonders as would have set him up as a dioramic exhibitor in these days without a rival. Here is an account of some of them.—

“After having enlarged upon the beauties of the lake [of Lucerne], our good traveller describes minutely the wonderful fish found in it. Any one of these, hung in the shop of a west-end fishmonger during the season, would have collected an impenetrable crowd. Amongst them was one with four legs and a frog’s head. He also saw carp with humps on their backs like dromedaries, and others with faces like those of cats. Many had stones in their heads, which served as remedies against several disorders; and, for fear that we should doubt this, he gravely tells us, that in 1642 he found one of these stones in a crayfish caught in the Lake of Sempach, and that a likeness of our Saviour was engraved on it. He goes on to say that some of the fish in the Lake of Lucerne are so large that they run out and swallow the cattle when they come to drink; and in one of these fish he found a man’s hand, with two gold rings on it. We might conclude this to have been an alligator, only our old author expressly states that it had neither scales nor teeth, and that it must have been



a whale, which had mounted the Rhine, the Aar, and the Reuss, to gain the lake! Its flesh was rather nasty, but possessed great virtues. It cleared the voice of those who tasted it, and cured sciaten. We have fished for hours in the Lake of Lucerne, but never yet chanced to hook such a marvel. The newspaper paragraphist's last resource, a 'shower of frogs,' would not have astonished the good Cysat. Near Musegg he was out in a heavy rain of them. They fell all about him, and on his hat in incredible quantities. He says they appeared young, but were very thin; and that those which fell on the road were killed, but those tumbling on the grass hopped away in fine style. He also saw several dragons; but he is puzzled whether to class them as birds, fish, or quadrupeds. One started from the Rigi and flew away towards Mount Pilatus, so frightening a peasant at work in the fields, that he fainted; but, on recovering, found a precious stone near him as large as a goose's egg, which the dragon had dropped, and which subsequently cured in an astonishing manner, many stout disorders, and at last appears to have involved the whole population in a law-suit as to its possession. \* \* Subsequently he was shown a lake, at the bottom of which the inhabitants of the district occasionally saw large herds of pigs, which turned over suddenly on their backs when looked at; and on an adjacent peak, an ecclesiastic of high repute told him that he had seen some fragments of a vast ship, which he believes must have rested there since the Deluge. To back up this story he quotes a writer, who declared that in a mine at Berne, three hundred feet under ground, he had found a ship, with the bodies of forty men on board, together with anchors and rigging. And continuing his route, he mentions a lake of a marvellous nature. When any one stands on its bank, and shouts three times, the water commences to boil over with such violence that the intruder has scarcely time to get out of the way; and, without fail, always dies within the year. Master Cysat appears rather incredulous on this point. He did not test it himself, not considering the result in any way satisfactory."

With this favourable specimen of the letterpress to be found in its pages,—we commend 'The Keepsake,' in its binding of crimson and gold, to the further curiosity of our readers.

*Political and Military Events in British India, from the Years 1756 to 1849.* By Major W. Hough. Allen & Co.

Major Hough is a retired officer in the Bengal establishment,—of considerable experience, and of some reputation acquired in the course of an Indian service of forty years. He accompanied, we believe, the Expedition of Lord Keane to Cabool in 1838,—and was also, we believe, concerned in the retreat from that country in 1842:—on both occasions increasing his professional credit. Major Hough published one entire work in connexion with the Afghan War; and he is also known as an authority on questions of military law, as that law is administered in our Bengal armies.—We give this outline of the antecedents of the author the more readily because our duty compels us to say that his present publication will certainly not increase his reputation or usefulness as a writer on Indian subjects.

The object of the book is described to be, "an endeavour to produce a work that may be useful to those entering the service, and who may not have the means of referring to the numerous works and authorities quoted in these volumes." The title adopted is, that of 'Political and Military Events from 1756 to 1849.' Coupling the title with the Preface, we naturally looked for an epitome of the leading political and military events in our Indian history, described in language so concise and lucid and illustrated by such a collection of references to received authorities as would not only at once enable a student to lay the groundwork of a sound and extensive knowledge of Indian history, but also place before him a comprehensive

chart of the sources from whence that more perfect historical knowledge must be drawn. Remembering the author's profession—his close acquaintance with the economy of Indian armies—and we presume his familiarity as a soldier with the peculiar and decisive features of all or most of the leading military operations in India since the time of Clive,—we were led to expect an interesting and useful book. In point of fact, we can imagine few books that would be more suggestive or full of interest than commentaries, concise and simple, by a competent military writer, on the campaigns which occur in the history of a country,—particularly in the history of the English occupation of Hindostan. But Major Hough does not seem to have the remotest notion of a book of this character. His two volumes are filled with a rambling, ill-written, and disorderly outline of the leading occurrences in India since the establishment of the British power in Bengal. To call Major Hough's book a history would be doing great violence to language. It does not so much as amount to a manual or an epitome. There is neither style, nor arrangement, nor reflection in any part of it; and we confess, we have seldom had to deal with any publication bearing respectable names on the title-page which after a careful perusal has left us so wholly unable to account for the views and the taste that have led to its appearance.

*Homes of American Authors; comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches.* By various Writers. New York, Putnam & Co.; London, Sampson Low & Co.

WHETHER we English be in fault or not as having set the example is of small consequence to the fact, that among the Americans respect for privacy seems to have at best a weak and exceptional existence. Mr. Howitt's indiscretions in print regarding the "homes and haunts" of our Moores, Proctors, Tennysons,—their trim gardens, their studies, and their manners of studying,—are here outdone with a confused solemnity of purpose, and a concurrence on the part of many writers, so striking as to assure every one that the subject has been one near and dear to all concerned in it.

Poets and philosophers, in truth, have much to suffer in these days of electrical communication and Bude light. They must now sit on the tripod *pro bono publico*.—They can no longer beat their wives in a back parlour without some prying mirror betraying the fact to the sun, who "whips out" a ray on the spot,—and behold! the castigation becomes a Talbotype "book-plate" ready for the next coming Christmas offering.—We are now made familiar with the very animal from which are to come the pork-chops bespoken to furnish the night-mare that is to fit up the horror for the fifth act of the great melo-dramatist's coming melo-drama.—These revelations bring their drawback with them. Enthusiasm and curiosity have "kissed each other" until the most vacant creature who stands in need of sensations which his own poor and hunger-bitten life cannot yield him goes forth licensed to trespass, and pry, and interrupt the gifted under plea of "hero-worship,"—pleading honest admiration as the excuse for flagrant intrusion. Let a great and poetical people like the Americans look to these things a little more earnestly than they have hitherto done. The determination to acquire is an excellent spring of energy,—but the reserve which admits liberty for retreat, and which permits contemporary genius to work as it will, to live as it will, to dream as it will,—is necessary, we think, to the prosperous, if not to the possible, existence of

genius.—We must not have our Shakspeare "hounded out" and compelled to create his *Ariels* in the presence of a full theatre. We are contented not to know of what stuff our Milton's "singing-ropes" are made, or who was the tailor, provided we have the song,—a 'Nativity Hymn'—an 'Allegro'—a 'Samson'—as may be.

Having thrown out a morsel of counsel,—which, however light in manner is serious in meaning, and not beneath the consideration of a great people eager to naturalize every refinement of intellectual culture,—let us proceed to treat this handsomely decorated gift-book according to its own humour,—and wander about among its pages and pictures without again saying "By your leave," or apologizing if we open the doors of the most secret chambers of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne. Since these chambers are thrown up to the public gaze, we may as well explore these pleasant mysteries as our neighbours.

The book of authors begins with Audubon; concerning whose life, manners, and conversation there is nothing told which has not been better told in the *Athenæum*.—Mr. Paulding's home, a modern composition of bow-windows, verandahs, and venetian blinds, situated "about eight miles above the town of Poughkeepsie," comes next; but concerning the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' again, we learn little except that "he is surrounded by a growing family of grandchildren," and is something of a *réactionnaire*,—thinking that "the world is quite as apt to move backwards as forwards," and "fully persuaded that the ancients were as wise as the moderns."—His house, it may be observed, seems somewhat at variance with his philosophies.

The scenery of the Hudson appears to inspire Transatlantic writers to their best flights. Some of the most vivid and temperate passages of description that we recollect in their light literature refer to the highlands of that haunted river. Thus, the third "home" visited—that of Mr. Washington Irving—contributes some of its most agreeable pages to this volume. The article is further enriched by one of *Geoffrey Crayon's* own pleasant letters, addressed to the editor of the 'Knickerbocker;' and by a wood vignette of "Sleepy Hollow,"—which though not altogether corresponding with Fancy's vision of the scene of *Rip Van Winkle's* slumber, is pleasing both as a picture and as a work of Art.

The home of Mr. Bryant in Queen's County shall be described a little more at length from the book before us.—

"The house stands at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hempstead Harbour, to which the flood tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees, through which, at intervals, are seen farmhouses and cottages, and all that brings to mind that beautiful image, 'a smiling land.' The position is well chosen, and it is enhanced in beauty by a small artificial pond, collected from the springs with which the hill abounds, and lying between the house and the edge of the harbour, from which it is divided by an irregular embankment, affording room for a plantation of shade-trees and fine shrubbery. Here again Friend Richard was doing what he little thought of; for his only intention was to build a paper-mill,—one of the earliest in the United States, whose wheel for many a year furnished employment to the outlet of the pond. The mill was burnt once and again,—by way of hint, perhaps, that beauty is use enough;—and the visitor cannot but hope it will never be rebuilt. The village at the head of the harbour was long called North Hempstead, but as there were already quite Hempsteads enough in Queen's county to perplex future topographers, the inhabitants united in desiring a more distinctive title, and applied to Mr. Bryant for his aid in choosing one. This is

not so easy a matter as it seems at first glance; and in defect of all express guidance in the history of the spot, and desiring, too, a name at once musical in itself and agreeable in its associations, Mr. Bryant proposed Roslyn,—the town annals declaring that when the British evacuated the island in 1781, 'The Sixtieth, or Royal American Regiment, marched out of Hempstead to the tune of Roslyn Castle.' The name is not too romantic for the place, for a more irregular, picturesque cluster of houses can hardly be found—perched here and there on the hill sides, embowered in foliage, and looking down upon a chain of pretty little lakes, on the outlet of which, overhanging the upper point of the harbour, is an old-fashioned mill, with its pretty rural accessories. One can hardly believe this a bit of Long Island, which is by no means famed for romantic scenery. After Richard Kirk's time other Quakers in succession became proprietors of the great farmhouse and the little paper-mill, but at length were purchased by Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., author of a history of New York, who, not relishing the plainness of the original style, surrounded the house with square columns and a heavy cornice. These help to shade a wide and ample piazza, shut in still more closely by tall trees and clustering vines, so that from within the house is one bower of greenery, and the hottest sun of July leaves the ample hall and large rooms cool and comfortable at all times. The library occupies the north-west corner—that which in our artist's sketch appears at the left—and we need hardly say that of all the house this is the most attractive spot—not only because, besides ample store of books, it is supplied with all that can minister to quiet and refined pleasure—but because it is, *par excellence*—the haunt of the poet and his friends. Here, by the great table covered with periodicals and literary novelties, with the soft, ceaseless music of rustling leaves, and the singing of birds making the silence sweeter, the summer visitor may fancy himself in the very woods, only with a deeper and more grateful shade; and 'when wintry blasts are piping loud,' and the whispering trees have changed to whirling ones, a bright wood fire lights the home scene, enhanced in comfort by the hospitable sky without, and the domestic lamp calls about it a smiling or musing circle, for whose conversation or silence the shelves around afford excellent material. The collection of books is not large, but widely various; Mr. Bryant's tastes and pursuits leading him through the entire range of literature, from the Fathers to Shelley, and from Courier to Jean Paul. In German, French and Spanish, he is a proficient, and Italian he reads with ease; so all these languages are well represented in the library. He turns naturally from the driest treatise on politics or political economy, to the wildest romance or the most tender poem—happy in a power of enjoying all that genius has created or industry achieved in literature.

Up to this point, we have had to do with domiciliary guides who perform their inquisition as sober *ciceroni* should do,—without endeavouring to draw attention to themselves, by their raptures—epithets—and citations of verse, suitable for the time, place, or person. But the home of the late Ambassador, the excellent historian, Mr. Bancroft, boasts a groom of the chambers who has a more euphuistic tongue than those who went before him. We have pages of high-flown writing about the young American student at home and in Europe:—as may be guessed from the following notice of an interview betwixt the traveller and Lord Byron, which took place at Genoa.—

"Upon leaving the vessel, Lord Byron asked Mr. Bancroft to visit him at his villa, Montenero, near the city, to which, a day or two after, he went. They talked of many things, Lord Byron naturally asking endless questions of America. He denied the charge of Goethe about Manfred, and said that he had never read Faust. 'He had just written the letter upon Pope, and, in conversation, greatly extolled his poetry. Without saying brilliant or memorable things, Byron was a fluent and agreeable talker. It was in the year 1821, and he was writing Don Juan. 'People call it immoral,' said he, 'and put Roderick Random in their libraries.' So of Shelley: 'They call him an infidel,' said Lord Byron, 'but he is more

Christian than the whole of them.' When his visitor rose to leave, the poet took down a volume containing the last cantos he had then written of the poem, and wrote his name in them, as a remembrance 'from Noel Byron.' But Ambrosia was that day allotted to the young American, for as they passed slowly through the saloon, the host bade him tarry a moment, and leaving the room immediately returned with the Countess Guiccioli. She, too, smiled, and gliding into the mazy music of Italian speech, led the listener on, delighted. Again he rose to go, but a servant threw open a door and discovered a collation spread in the adjoining room. Perhaps the poet pleased himself with the fancy of graciously and profusely entertaining his foreign subjects in the ambassadorial person of his guest. 'That is fame,' he said, upon reading in some tourist's volume that a copy of the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers had been found by him at Niagara. The modesty of his American visitor might recognize in the cordiality of his reception and treatment Lord Byron's acknowledgement of his American fame."

From this point, without preamble or apology,—the curious reader shall be conveyed by us into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the author of 'The Lives of Ferdinand and Isabella.'

"On entering the library from the drawing-room, the visitor sees at first no egress except by the door through which he had just passed; but, on his attention being called to a particular space in the populous shelves, he is, if a reading man, attracted by some rows of portly quartos and goodly octaves, handsomely bound, bearing inviting names, unknown to Lowndes or Brunet. On reaching forth his hand to take one of them down, he finds that while they keep the word of promise to the eye, they break it to the hope, for the seeming books are nothing but strips of gilded leather pasted upon a flat surface, and stamped with titles, in the selection of which, Mr. Prescott has indulged that playful fancy which, though it can rarely appear in his grave historical works, is constantly animating his correspondence and conversation. It is, in short, a secret door, opening at the touch of a spring, and concealed from observation when shut. A small winding staircase leads to a room of moderate extent above, so arranged as to give all possible advantage of light to the imperfect eyes of the historian. Here Mr. Prescott gathers around him the books and manuscripts in use for the particular work on which he may be engaged, and few persons, except himself and his secretary, ever penetrate to this studious retreat. In regard to situation, few houses in any city are superior to this. It stands directly upon the common, a beautiful piece of ground, tastefully laid out, moulded into an exhilarating variety of surface, and only open to the objection of being too much cut up by the intersecting paths which the time-saving habits of the thrifty Bostonians have traced across it. Mr. Prescott's house stands nearly opposite a small sheet of water, to which the tasteless name of Frog Pond is so inveterately fixed by long usage, that it can never be divorced from it. Of late years, since the introduction of the Cochituate water, a fountain has been made to play here, which throws up an obelisk of sparkling silver, springing from the bosom of the little lake, like a palm-tree from the sands, producing, in its simple beauty, a far finer effect than the costly architectural fancies of Europe, in which the water spurts and fizzes amid a tasteless crowd of sprawling Tritons and flopping dolphins. Here a beautiful spectacle may be seen in the long afternoons of June, before the midsummer heats have browned the grass, when the crystal plumes of the fountain are waving in the breeze, and the rich, yellow light of the slow-sinking sun hangs in the air and throws long shadows on the turf, and the Common is sprinkled, far and wide, with well-dressed and well-mannered crowds—a spectacle in which not only the eye but the heart also may take pleasure, from the evidence which it furnishes of the general diffusion of material comfort, worth and intelligence. The situation of the house admirably adapts it also for a winter residence. The sun, during nearly his whole course, plays on the walls of the houses which occupy the western part of Beacon Street, and the broad pavement in front is, in the coldest weather, clear of ice and snow, and offers an inviting promenade even to the long dresses and thin shoes which so many of our perverse wives and daughters will persist in bringing

into the streets. Here, in the early days of spring, the timid crocus and snowdrop peep from the soil long before the iron hand of winter has been lifted from the rest of the city. Besides the near attraction of the Common, which is beautiful in all seasons, this part of Boston, from its elevated position, commands a fine view of the western horizon, including a range of graceful and thickly-peopled hills in Brookline and Roxbury. Our brilliant winter sunsets are seen here to the greatest advantage. The whole western sky burns with rich metallic lights of orange, yellow, and yellow-green; the outlines of the hills in the clear, frosty air, are sharply cut against this glowing background; the wind-harps of the leafless trees send forth a melancholy music, and the faint stars steal out one by one as the shrouding veil of daylight is slowly withdrawn. A walk at this hour along the western side of the Common offers a larger amount of the soothing and elevating influences of nature than most dwellers in cities can command."

Those who wish to call on Miss Sedgwick, and Mr. Everett—and to acquaint themselves with the furniture of the late Mr. Cooper's laboratory of romance—will find means of doing so in this volume. Mazy and hazy persons, moreover, will receive comfort, aliment, and, (probably they will fancy, ideas also) from the mazy and hazy pages devoted to Mr. Emerson,—his habits and receptions.—The following is curiously transatlantic and transcendental in its humour.—

"It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. 'Monsieur Aubepine,' 'Miles Coverdale,' and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse—the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden pond—Plato Skimpole, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in a little house upon the Boston road—the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned, then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman—a sturdy farmer neighbour, who had bravely fought his weary way through inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman, and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country—two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom—and the host himself, composed this Club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York Tribune, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the Club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres. I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a Club is impossible. It was a Congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn 'saying,' to which, after due pause, the honourable member for blackberry pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers,



and a solemn disappearance into night. The Club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods,—while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element; and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food—how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential. The Club struggled on valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether. But I have since known clubs of fifty times that number, whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the *Dii Majores* of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation, as a club should be, but tension. Society is a play, a game, a tournament; not a battle. It is the easy grace of undress; not an intellectual full-dress parade."

We have been beguiled on from house to house,—forgetting how late in the year it is,—and how many calls are to be paid (literally and figuratively) on our own historians, novelists, poets, playwrights, and punsters, ere the New Year comes in. One more threshold, however, we must cross;—that of Mr. Hawthorne. The justice of Time, that fails no deserving man, has at last set him in his due place as among the most individual and distinguished of contemporary novelists. But, for a long period, the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' seems to have been little more than a shadow and a myth in his own country.—

"To the inhabitants of Concord, however, our author was as much a phantom and a fable as the old parson of the parish, dead half a century before, whose faded portrait in the attic was gradually rejoining its original in native dust. The gate, fallen from its hinges in a remote antiquity, was never re-hung. 'The wheel-track leading to the door, remained still overgrown with grass. No bold villager ever invaded the sleep of 'the glimmering shadows' in the avenue. At evening no lights gleamed in the windows. Scarce once in many months did the single old nobby-faced coachman at the railroad bring a fare to Mr. Hawthorne's. \* \* Sometimes, in the afternoon, a darkly clad figure was seen in the little garden-plot putting in corn or melon seed, and gravely hoeing. It was a brief apparition. The farmer passing towards town and seeing the solitary cultivator, lost his faith in the fact and believed he had dreamed, when, upon returning, he saw no sign of life, except, possibly, upon some Monday, the ghostly skirt of a shirt flapping spectrally in the distant orchard. Day dawned and darkened over the lonely house. Summer with 'buds and bird-voices' came singing in from the South, and clad the old ash trees in deeper green, the Old Manse in profounder mystery. Gorgeous autumn came to visit the story-teller in his little western study, and departing, wept rainbows among his trees. Winter impatiently swept down the hill opposite, rifling the trees of each last clinging bit of summer, as if thrusting aside opposing barriers and determined to reach the mystery. But his white robes floated around the Old Manse, ghostly as the decaying surplice of the old Pastor's portrait, and in the snowy seclusion of winter the mystery was as mysterious as ever. Occasionally Emerson, or Ellery Channing, or Henry Thoreau,—some poet, as once Whittier, journeying to the Merrimac, or an old Brook Farmer who remembered Miles Coverdale with Arcadian sympathy,—went down the avenue, and disappeared in the house. Sometimes a close observer, had he been ambushed among the long grasses of the orchard, might have seen the host and one of his guests emerging at the back door and sauntering to the river-side, step into the boat, and float off until they faded in the shadow."

The inhabitant of this Castle of Dreams appears to be admirably suited to such a tenement.—

"During Hawthorne's first year's residence in Concord, I have driven up with some friends to an esthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed on the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the hedge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me, as Webster might have looked, had he been a poet,—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him, the conversation flowed steadily on as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed esthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of every thing else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson with the 'slow, wise smile' that breaks over his face, like day over the sky, said: 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.' Thus he remained in my memory, a shadow, a phantom, until more than a year afterward. Then I came to live in Concord. Every day I passed his house, but when the villagers, thinking that perhaps I had some clue to the mystery, said,—'Do you know this Mr. Hawthorne?' I said 'No,' and trusted to time. Time justified my confidence, and one day I, too, went down the avenue, and disappeared in the house. I mounted those mysterious stairs to that apocryphal study. I saw the cheerful coat of paint, and golden tinted paper-hangings, lighting up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attested the cheery western sunshine. I looked from the little northern window whence the old Pastor watched the battle, and in the small dining-room beneath it, upon the first floor there were

Dainty chicken, snow-white bread,

and the golden juices of Italian vineyards, which still feast insatiable memory. Our author occupied the Old Manse for three years. During that time he was not seen, probably, by more than a dozen of the villagers. His walks could easily avoid the town, and upon the river he was always sure of solitude. It was his favourite habit to bathe every evening in the river, after nightfall, and in that part of it over which the old bridge stood, at which the battle was fought. Sometimes, but rarely, his boat accompanied another up the stream, and I recall the silent and preternatural vigour with which, on one occasion, he wielded his paddle to counteract the bad rowing of a friend who conscientiously considered it his duty to do something and not let Hawthorne work alone; but who, with every stroke, neutralised all Hawthorne's efforts. I suppose he would have struggled until he fell senseless, rather than ask his friend to desert. His principle seemed to be, if a man cannot understand without talking to him, it is quite useless to talk, because it is immaterial whether such a man understands or not. His own sympathy was so broad and sure, that although nothing had been said for hours, his companion knew that not a thing had escaped his eye, nor had a single pulse of beauty in the day or scene, or society, failed to thrill his heart. In this way his silence was most social. Everything seemed to have been said. It was a Barmecide feast of discourse, from which a greater satisfaction resulted than from an actual banquet."

A compliment like the above is, of its kind, a real treasure: only to be equalled perhaps in the meaning of its *no-meaning* by the *adagio* movement of Spohr's Symphony, 'The Power of Sound,' which is devoted to the description of Silence! We can fancy no one made more

quietly merry by such a fine paragraph than the author of 'Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.'—Ere parting from him—and, with him, from this handsome gift-book, also,—we cannot resist falling into the American humour of gossiping concerning public men and matters from private communications. Perhaps the following may be news to the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' and to his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. A letter from the depths of Russia announces that, attracted by the notice in the *Athenæum*, a Russian literary man of much taste and accomplishment, has completed a translation into Russian of 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and published the same in a Muscovite journal!—This is something like fame.

*The Summer and Winter of the Soul.* By the Rev. E. Neale. Skeet.

THIS affected and non-descriptive title is prefixed to a volume of brief memoirs and sketches of character. Mr. Erskine Neale has chosen, for his own reasons, a set of subjects for illustration nearly all of which lie, as the reader may see, within a particular circle of social and pietistic experiences. They are, Claudius Buchanan—Edward Irving—Bishop Turner—Mrs. Sherman—Bernard Barton—Mrs. Sherwood—Francis Jeffrey—John Stirling—Caroline Fry—Viscountess Powerscourt—Elizabeth Squirrell—General Lee—and Henry W. Fox. These names, each of which has been selected by the author to point a moral or to adorn a tale, furnish headings for so many chapters:—and the whole volume is designed as an illustration of some fanciful theory about the "summer and winter of the soul."

Mr. Erskine Neale tells the reader distinctly at the outset, that he has availed himself, "right and left, of every attainable information relative to the party whose career was under consideration." Consequently, few of his sketches contain information not already before the world in one shape or another,—the only novelties being, the new mode of telling the stories and the morals somewhat elaborately drawn from them. Such, however, is not the case with the story of Elizabeth Squirrell, of Shottisham; the girl who—as our readers may have learned from the newspapers—pretends to feed on air and to enjoy the ministrations of angels. Mr. Neale was one of the curious who made a pilgrimage to Shottisham;—and his account of what an intelligent witness there saw, and the conclusions at which he arrived respecting the young girl and her singular pretensions, will interest our readers. Before, however, we go down to her mother's cottage with Mr. Neale, let us put the reader in possession of such biographical notes respecting the heroine of this extraordinary hallucination as are supplied to our hand in the volume under review.—

"At Shottisham, a quiet Suffolk village, five miles distant from Woodbridge, resided a small tea-dealer, named Asaph Squirrell, who, with his wife, were held to be honest and worthy people. They had a child named Elizabeth, who from early childhood gave evidence of possessing an intellect of a superior order. Her turn of mind was entirely religious. Her habits were those of self-culture; and no opportunity was omitted of acquiring information. Poetry, History, Botany, Phonography, were subjects successfully grasped. In June, 1850, illness in the shape of a spinal affection, compelled her to quit school. She became a patient at the East Suffolk Hospital, under the care—the watchful and judicious care, it may with certainty be added—of Dr. Durrant; remained there six weeks; and returned home. She became worse. Lock-jaw set in; and she could no longer swallow. Milk, profusely sugared, was introduced by main force into the mouth, and poured into the throat; but the quantity which could be passed into

the œsophagus was so inconsiderable, that her death was daily expected. To the astonishment of those around her she lived on, though her parents asserted that she did not take one morsel of solid food. At Midsummer, 1851, she recovered from her lock-jaw, only to find herself bereft of sight, hearing, and smell. Considerable interest was excited respecting her—an interest which her conversation, her gentle and submissive appearance, and, above all, the intellectual and highly spiritual tone of her remarks, served to heighten. Every hour that elapsed added to her celebrity. At all periods of the day parties might be seen wending their way to her cottage, and no sooner had they gazed on the child than they were interested in her—an interest that had a strange dash of mystery in it, when they were assured that for nearly two years not a particle of solid food had passed her lips. But the moment she began to speak, she fairly enchained the sympathies of her hearers. For the most part, her remarks applied to religious subjects, on which she would descant with considerable beauty of language and power of thought. On secular subjects, also, her remarks were clearly and powerfully given. Her parents protesting the while that her assertions regarding abstinence from food were religiously correct. Her own statement was, that she had seen a vision of angels, one of which number had consented to become her constant attendant and guardian. Lest she should not be believed, she frequently prayed earnestly that God would grant to her and her visitors some immediate manifestation, which should convince all that she was really the object of God's especial favour. After a time her prayer was thus answered:—whilst her visitors were deeply engaged in devotional exercises, a ringing noise was heard as if proceeding from a small tumbler glass which stood at some distance from her. The sound excited the attention of those who were present, who listened in wonder to her statement, that whenever it sounded it was swept by the invisible wings of the angel that attended her. Often and often did this mysterious ringing occur—and always when they were most devout. Among her visitors were those who endeavoured to detect the existence, or non-existence, of imposition. Some of these attended day after day, but all came away convinced that it was physically, intellectually, and religiously a genuine case. Rather more than three months since, she and her parents stated that the milk ceased to afford her any nourishment, and that, in fact, from that time she left off taking any sustenance at all; no food, liquid or solid, passing her lips! Visitors closely watched her, and were convinced that she was really living on from week to week without partaking of any kind of nourishment."

Now for Mr. Neale's visit, with its incidents and results.—

"I found Elizabeth lying on her low pallet bed, in a small but neatly arranged room on the ground floor of a little cottage, encircled with a garden. The hour was early, but a group of visitors was assembled round her. The attendance she needed was supplied by her mother, who stood at the back of her bed ministering kindly and sedulously to her wants. The appearance of this widely controverted personage, by some so greatly caressed, by others so severely stigmatized, is beyond question most prepossessing. She has a very gentle, intellectual, and highly devotional cast of countenance; and her voice, clear, sweet, and touching in its tones, is susceptible of very effective and very impressive modulation. There was nothing of assumption, nothing of the actress, or exhibitor about her; nothing oracular, or that savoured of stage effect; nothing that seemed to say, 'I am doing the leading business, and you are simply and by permission, the spectators.' The day was warm, and a parasol lay open upon the bed, to which her mother told me, recourse was had to screen her from the light. This, to a person perfectly blind, seemed to me a superfluous precaution, and I said as much. The explanation given was, that the sensitiveness of her skin was extreme; and that the sun's rays seemed to scorch her where they fell. Her countenance was plump; her skin moist and warm; pulse 85; and what struck me as most unusual, after such lengthened and close confinement to her couch, no excoarication or abrasion of the skin apparent, or complained of. By her side was the

old-fashioned drinking-glass, of which so much has been said; which rang out when brushed by an angel's wing, and audibly gave response to prayer! It stood on a little deal box by her bed-side, containing letters and papers, and MSS., among which was a letter to Elizabeth, from the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the Temperance advocate, couched in the kindest and most sympathising terms. Our interview was long, for I wished to arrive at some definite conclusion, and thought it sad, that if a case of well-contrived imposture, religion should be so largely mixed up with its details. I asked her—the finger alphabet was used—whether she thought she should ever eat again? She replied, with emphasis, and with an expression of countenance very animated and very pleasing, 'Never, never, till I eat of the new bread, and drink of the new wine, in the Kingdom of my Father.' Now, if the whole affair was based on fraud, there seemed something frightfully blasphemous in this reply. I looked at her again. Her face bore no trace of emaciation. It had no drawn or anxious expression. There was nothing haggard or pulled about it. (Those who are accustomed to stand beside the bed of the sick and the dying will grasp my meaning, though it be not very scientifically expressed.) No mark of suffering, or pain, or famine was visible. It was the plump, fleshy face of a smiling, happy girl. She went on after a pause. 'I loathe food altogether. The very sight of it disturbs me. Far from wishing to partake of food, the very mention of it disgusts me.'—The mother then added deliberately and firmly, 'Nothing, either solid or liquid, I SOLEMNLY declare, has passed my poor girl's lips for seventeen weeks.'—The next question was:—What object do you think THE SUPREME has to answer by keeping you in this state?—'To make his power known; to show what He can do; to show that with food or without it, He can support the frame.'—Do you wish to be released?—After a pause—'I have no wish at all on the subject. I form none. My only wish is to lie passive in the hands of God, to do and to suffer His will. If the moving of a finger would suffice to alter my state, to restore me or to release me, I would not make the effort. Sufficient for me to know I am in MY FATHER'S HANDS.'—The calm, gentle and submissive tone in which this was uttered was very touching, and the uplifted eye and devotional expression with which it closed carried the feelings of her hearers involuntarily with the speaker. If acting, no Siddons need have disdained it! \* \* Her mother then, with considerable tact, as if to escape from a painful subject, and divert her daughter's thoughts, asked Elizabeth to repeat her poem on blindness. She complied. The lines were not many, but the images they embodied were striking, and recited as they were with good taste and emphasis, and in a full melodious voice, told greatly in her favour. One of the party asked her—the mother interpreting by means of the finger alphabet—whether time did not pass heavily during this long confinement?—She replied, 'No! I am constantly attended by my guardian angel. I see him now. Closely, most closely connected are the visible and the invisible world. You can form no idea of the beauty and earnestness of the countenances of the angelic host. One of that glorious retinue is always hovering around me. He is with me now.'—This was said calmly, slowly, and impressively; without any rant, or any mock display of feeling, but as the deep and settled conviction of a thoughtful mind. This introduced the subject of the glass. Elizabeth affirmed that that glass had rung out once and again, in the hearing of many, in answer to Prayer. It was brushed by the wings of her guardian angel. The mother, taking up the narrative, here said, 'that whenever her daughter was in any strait or difficulty the glass would ring so clearly that it might be heard all over the house—summoning help when help was needed. For example:—On one occasion she was in another part of the cottage, busy at her domestic affairs, when she heard the glass ring out sharply. It so happened that she could not quit her occupation on the instant: when in a few seconds the glass rang out twice and sharply. She hastened into the room. Elizabeth had fainted: her head hung over the side of the bed; and in a few minutes more, without timely assistance, suffocation would have ensued.' I examined the glass, and so did a gentleman who

was present, and who shared my scepticism upon more points than one. We filled it half full with water. It certainly possessed none of the properties of a musical glass. Nor was it easy to elicit any sound from it at all. It was a glass not of modern make, small and fluted. The mother of Elizabeth said it had belonged to her parents. While examining it, one of the party put this question to the sufferer:—'Do you consider your life as prolonged or sustained by supernatural influence?'—'No! no!' was the answer, 'I have always objected to that conclusion.'—'What then sustains you?'—'The air: I feed on that, and that alone.'—She then added, 'But the question, the material question, is this: do I or do I not hold spiritual and intimate communication with Heaven? I maintain solemnly that I do.'—The tone and earnestness with which this latter asseveration was made were remarkable. The gentleman before alluded to—I know not his name, but for distinction's sake let us call him 'Mr. Grey'—here said, 'This glass and the legend connected with it, throw great doubts on your story. It is a stumbling block with many. Why not remove the glass elsewhere? Place it, let me suggest, in some other corner of the house.'—This advice was communicated to Elizabeth, who said with much dignity and emphasis: 'No: it SHALL NOT be moved. Its place is by my side. There it received direct communications from heaven, and there it shall remain.'—Mr. Grey then proposed to take it away, or to break it then and there; promising both mother and daughter that he would replace it by another, or give them its value in money. We exchanged glances as he spoke, and he told me afterwards that had he observed the slightest gesture of encouragement on my part, he would instantly have dashed it on the ground. The mother communicated this proposal to Elizabeth. In most peremptory terms she forbade the exchange, and declared in unequivocal language how distressing the destruction of the glass would be to her: adding—'It has been the honoured medium of communication between heaven and myself, and its destruction would be heinous sin.'—In the unwillingness of the daughter that the glass should be removed, destroyed, or in the slightest degree injured, the mother vehemently coincided. The interview had now lasted nearly three hours, and I took my leave with saddened feelings. It was a grievous spectacle. Before me was a noble intellect. Intimate knowledge of Scripture—great command of diction—an imagination fertile in images—and a most winning and graceful delivery—all these were there: and each and all wrecked hopelessly and irretrievably. The web of deceit was woven around all. I was convinced she saw. I was convinced she heard. How she was sustained in being without food was a medical question. With that I had nothing to do."

Cases of superstition like this of Elizabeth Squirrel, when the motive for imposture seems far to seek, and when a character for probity and truthfulness has been previously well established, are among the profoundest of psychological and moral studies. In a century of ignorance, a delusion so complete in its conditions and accessories as the one at Shottisham would have made the fame and fortune of its agent; but in an age of express trains and submarine telegraphs, men will not accept the tinkling of a glass as proof of a miracle, or feel satisfied that there is a direct and divine interruption of the laws of nature because a child avoids, or appears to avoid, eating the ordinary food of children. After setting aside all idea of mixing up religion with the case—it remains a question for the moralist and the psychologist to resolve, how a girl with the cultivated intellect, the serene and earnest genius, which on all sides are attributed to Elizabeth Squirrel could have lent herself to a delusion so gross, so apparently purposeless, and so sure of detection. Light on this point would help us to a better understanding of that typhus of the brain, Enthusiasm; for we have here, under the immediate eye of the modern public, with a thousand printing-presses as part of the audience, a



delusion as striking in its way and as original as that which possessed Joan of Arc or Julia von Kridener.—There are some strange chapters still to add to our "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The History of an Adopted Child.* By G. E. Jewsbury.—It is often said that a child's book is more difficult to write than a man's,—said until it is almost dangerous for any one to call in question so old and popular a saw. The saw wants qualifying, nevertheless. Doubtless it might be more difficult for a Gibbon or a Dalton to write works that would interest young and ignorant people than it would be for these severally to write books for statesmen or for philosophers. But there are many persons who contrive to write well for children who are scarcely equal to writing for a more highly educated audience. The two things require a different set of faculties,—though it will sometimes happen that the greater faculty includes the less—as is notably the case in the instance of Madame Dudevant, and in that of the learned pundit Dr. Grimm. The idea of Madame Dudevant occurs to us spontaneously whenever we cut open a new book by Miss G. E. Jewsbury. *La Grande Désolée* seems to be the immediate inspiration of four Lancashire authoresses,—if not her actual model. As the French writer began with tales of passion—advanced to the exposition of social rights and wrongs—entered the troubled scene of politics and economical theories—and has now settled down into a writer of books for children,—so, Miss Jewsbury has, consciously or unconsciously, followed the same order of intellectual production. In 'Zoë' she was busy with the turbulence of the tender passions,—in 'The Half-Sisters' she dissected social grievances,—in 'Marian Withers' she put forth her theories of machinery and productive economy,—and in 'The History of an Adopted Child' she has addressed herself to the fireside and the school-room:—thus completing the literary orbit described by her French prototype. Perhaps this similarity of course may not be altogether accidental. Miss Jewsbury has many of the more womanly qualities of George Sand—her clear brain, her warmth of feeling, her political sympathy with the poor and struggling,—and she has more than once put on record her admiration of the brilliant Frenchwoman. Miss Jewsbury's present story—a very pretty story for young people to read at Christmas time—is concerned with the fortunes of a somewhat wayward child:—but we will not mar the young reader's pleasure by premature disclosure of the writer's secret. The simple naturalness of the writing contrasts strikingly with the fiery vehemence of 'Zoë':—and the little book will find certainly its circles of interested readers round the Christmas fire.

*The Paded Hope.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.—A few words will tell the story of this book. It is a record of the life and virtues of the much-beloved son of the American authoress, who died aged nineteen. Worthy of love, for delicacy of mind, conscientiousness, affection, and thoughtfulness, this record shows him to have been:—and if the sorrow be somewhat professionally set forth, it is but according to the habits of the writer, to whom the pen, the period, and the poem have become a second nature. In cases like these, we are too apt to forget that there are some persons with whom simplicity of expression would be the assumed and theatrical mode, and to whom a rounded and decorated phraseology has become the habitual manner of expression.

*The Cloud with the Silver Lining.* By the Author of 'A Trap to catch a Sunbeam.'—That this author (well known to be a Lady) has become one of the most popular writers of short tales before the public, the twenty-second edition of 'The Trap,' advertised on the cover to 'The Cloud,' must attest most satisfactorily to herself. Yet it must be said, that graceful fancy and good intentions constitute her chief literary claims. The delicious line in 'Comus' which she has here chosen for her text (can it be without knowing whence it came?) had already been employed and wrought up as the argument

and burden of a three-volume novel by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Here the uses of adversity are sweetly and unaffectedly displayed in a smaller compass. The tale breathes a religious spirit,—which is warm, though without bitter and scorching heat.

*The Two Vocations; or, the Sisters of Mercy at Home: a Tale.*—We opened this little red book with some fear, dreading to encounter in print "Ye Superior" of the Devonport Nunnery, or other of those prolix and peculiar ladies whose foppish and active benevolence mixed offer such famous matter for the controversialists and such a theme for clerical interference. But 'The Two Vocations' is a book of a much better order than any piece of party abuse or party apology. How this world provides duty for every one—duties that seek some, duties that must be sought by others—for some sacrifice, for others endurance,—and how the devout and high-minded will study to be sufficient to either the active or the passive part which they are called on to play,—is the argument of 'The Two Vocations.'—The temper of the tale is commendable, and its style is pleasing.

*Wellington: the Place and Day of his Birth ascertained and demonstrated.* By John Murray, L.L.D.—Among the documents—scarcely important, and yet essential to the future historian—which compose the scattered and miscellaneous materials for a biography of the late Duke of Wellington, a pamphlet which professes to "ascertain and demonstrate" his place of birth must of course be included. Almost as many places contend for the honour of the Duke's birthplace as for Homer's,—and more than for Howard's. 'Burke's Peerage' and 'Maxwell's Biography' give Dangan Castle, May 1, 1769. Lodge and Gurwood adopt the place, and do not refuse assent to the time. This is the popular story,—and this, if we mistake not, is the version adopted by the pictorial illustrators of the Duke's career. On the other side, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* supports the claims of Spring Gardens, Dublin,—most local pundits maintain that the Duke was born in Grafton Street,—but the *Dublin Penny Journal* fixes it in Molesworth Street, and gives a wood-cut of the very house in which the event is said to have occurred. Lastly, the people of Mornington, in the county of Meath, aver that the Duke was born there unexpectedly, and that the hamlet was called Mornington in memory of the fact. The latter is a claim that might have posed many a future Niebuhr.—Dr. Murray has found good evidence that all the above versions are inexact as to time and place; and that, in fact, the Duke was born on the 29th day of April, 1769, at Mornington House, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin.—For the history of this discovery, the stages by which it is arrived at, and the proofs on which it reposes, we must refer the curious reader to Dr. Murray's new pamphlet itself.

*A Synopsis of the several Communications on the Cause and Cure of the Potato Rot received by the Executive of Massachusetts.* Prepared and published, under the authority of the Legislature, by Amasis Walker.—In March last year the Legislature of Massachusetts offered a premium of ten thousand dollars to any person within the Commonwealth who should satisfy the governor and his council that by a test of five years he had discovered a sure and practical remedy for the potato rot. Thereupon, a multitude of letters poured into the public office,—many of them containing valuable hints, facts or reasonings;—and the council ordered the secretary, Mr. Walker, to prepare a digest of the information placed at its disposal by the several correspondents. The conclusions to which all the facts of the case, as they are here gathered, have appeared to lead, are these five:—1. That the disease bears a striking resemblance to cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere. 2. That it is doubtful if any specific cure has been, or ever will be, discovered. 3. But, as in cholera, certain preventives are well ascertained, by the application of which the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened. 4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favourable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable. 5. That we may

expect that, like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable every year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic.

*A Short History of Electric Clocks, with Explanations of their Principle and Mechanism, and Instructions for their Management and Regulation.* By A. Bain.—Mr. Bain, to whom the Jury of the Great Exhibition awarded their Council Medal, has here put forth an interesting account of his discoveries:—in which he undertakes to show that the electric clock is adapted for private houses, churches, and other places in which the ordinary wind-up clock is now used. His explanations are rendered clear and attractive by various diagrams.

*Biography of Dr. Sheridan Muspratt.* By a London Barrister-at-Law.—This memoir of the author of 'The Influence of Chemistry in the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdom' was written for the *Lancet*,—and is now reprinted with the short tract by which its subject is best known.—Why reprinted at all, we suppose Dr. Muspratt can tell.

*A Statement of the Proceedings of the Committee appointed to promote the Establishment of Baths and Washhouses for the Labouring Classes.* By P. P. Baly.—When baths and washhouses for the public were ideas rather than facts, those who felt an interest in their establishment had, first of all, to inoculate the million with a sense of the benefits to be derived from them, and then to instruct the few in the best modes of erecting and sustaining them. For this purpose, a central office, to which all parties might resort for information, was essential, and rooms were consequently taken at Exeter Hall. As, however, the knowledge gained by the committee has now been transferred to many towns, it has become less necessary to retain these expensive chambers; but before giving them up finally, the committee asked their engineer, Mr. Baly, to put together in one report all the available knowledge on the subject of their labours, for the use of such parishes and localities as are still unprovided with baths and washhouses. This information we have here before us—with plans and estimates for buildings of various sizes, suited for either large or small populations.

*The Fall of the Great Factions.* By Vindex.—Being marked "No. 1. Political Tracts for the Times," we presume that this trenchant and vigorous pamphlet is to be succeeded by others dealing with more special questions of the day. The object of the first issue of the series is, to sing a requiem over the grave of party; but, in announcing, in the words of Bolingbroke, that "the very names of Whig and Tory are for ever buried in oblivion," the writer probably substitutes his personal wish for the public fact.

Among recent reprints and new editions we have a second edition of Mr. Walker's telling pamphlet *On the Past and Present State of Intramural Burying Places, with Practical Suggestions for the Establishment of National Extramural Cemeteries*,—a trenchant review of Lord Mahon's 'History of the American Revolution,' reprinted from the *North American Review*,—a fourth edition, with some additional matter, of Chevalier Clausen's *Flax Movement: its National Importance and Advantages, with Directions for the Preparation of Flax-Cotton and the Cultivation of Flax*,—three additional numbers of the excellent child's series, published by Messrs. Addley & Co. *Grimm's Household Stories*,—a second edition of William Butler's *Sermons: Doctrinal and Practical*, with a memoir of the author, written by the Rev. Thomas Woodward,—and a "second thousand" of Alexander Wallace's *The Bible and the Working Classes*.—Mr. Bohn has published in his "Standard Library" a volume of *The Moral and Historical Works of Lord Bacon*, comprising the 'Essays,' the 'Apophthegms,' 'Ornamenta Rationalia,' the 'Short Notes for Civil Conversation,' the 'Wisdom of the Ancients,' the 'New Atlantis,' and the 'Historical Sketches,' including the masterly 'History of Henry VII.'—A companion volume is promised of the *Novum Organum* and *De Augmentis Scientiarum*.—Murray's *Handbook for Belgium and the Rhine, with a Travelling Map*, is a reprint, in a cheaper form, of

"Following the coast-line southward, we entered Jones Sound through Glacier Strait on the last day of August. It contained a good deal of ice, the greatest part of which was 25 to 30 feet thick. On the 1st of September, a good deal of open water appeared, but the ice was still abundant in longitude. There was still a good deal of ice, but only a small part of it was heavy, while the remainder was not above 8 or 9 inches thick, evidently what had formed this autumn. I know what you will infer from this,—that the heavy ice had formed at the presumed top of the Sound, or, at least, the heavy, still, and, as you say, the ice was on either side. This view will be corroborated by a comparison of this Sound with the other Sounds opening into Baffin's Bay. Take Lancaster Sound, for example, which, although only 70 miles farther south, becomes free from ice towards the middle of June. The distance it processes seaward is tolerably although not perfectly well known. The distance from the mouth of the Sound to the head of the bay is a period of the season at which it becomes navigable. Whale Sound, at a much higher latitude, might also be adduced as an example; and Smith's Sound, still farther north, by the rapidity of the tides, the great depth of the water, and the lightness of the ice, holds out much more encouraging a prospect of extensive commerce than the other Sounds.—Hawley explored nearly two degrees farther than Capt. Amundsen's squadron last season, without finding anything to encourage



us westward, and seeing no place suitable for a harbour to winter in, we shaped our course for the south side of the Sound. This was examined as narrowly as was necessary. When Cape Fitzroy was rounded on our passage for Lancaster Sound.

On the 7th of September we arrived at Beechey Island, where the depot ship, North Star, is wintering. The other four ships of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron had proceeded—the Assistance and tender up the Wellington Channel, the Resolute and tender in the direction of Melville Island. Upwards of a fortnight had elapsed since each detachment took its route; and when we parted with the North Star on the 6th, no intelligence of them had been received at Beechey Island. From this we may presume that they have been at least so far successful in their endeavour to push north-westward and westward. After passing Ponds Bay, the search for Franklin, or any of his surviving crews, was again resumed at Cape Bowen, and it was conducted down the west coast to Scott's Inlet and the Hecia and Griper bank in lat. 71°, as satisfactorily as the lateness of the season and the absence of ice permitted. Here, however, it had to be discontinued, owing to an extensive and close body of ice which lay along the land and stretched away to the eastward. On the 17th the west coast was lost sight of, with the intention of being again approached as soon as the ice lying in our way would allow. After five days of incessant toil, working to the eastward, among the middle ice of Davis's Straits, we got into the "east water" and ran southward. Here we encountered a violent southerly gale that lasted for a whole week, and drove us 90 miles up the Straits. It blighted our only hopes of regaining the west coast northward of Cape Seara. Our water was out, consequently we had to put in to the Hunde Islands to refit for the remaining part of our voyage. On the 7th of October we put to sea, and immediately encountered a second southerly gale that drove us 40 miles to the northward. Up to the 14th we persevered to the westward against violent and westerly winds, expecting to catch the land; and a final attempt was made to enter Hogarth Sound, to pass the winter, if necessary, or to survey it, and then to return home, seeking southward along the Labrador coast. This attempt, like those that immediately preceded it, proved fruitless—and now our ship's head was directed homeward.

"Doubtless you will have reckoned on the potent agency of steam as having been our signal assistant in this Expedition. But you will be surprised when I state that we never got more than three and a half, and rarely more than two, knots out of our locomotive of 14-horse power. At this rate we went over 4,000 miles of that track.

"From the commander, who invariably bore the heaviest part of the duty, in addition to the expenses, risk, and responsibility of the Expedition, down to the seamen, no person has been idle. The commander's zeal you will see from the track chart which he has been able to project, as the result of numerous observations made wholly by himself, and often with considerable difficulty. The whole coast-line, with a few interruptions, from Cape Farewell round by Smith's Sound, and down as far as the river Clyde, has been carefully sketched by his pencil. When the ship is paid off, each person engaged in her for the short period of little more than four months, cannot but acknowledge the truth of your remark that in such a voyage, properly conducted, much might be accomplished at the expense of only a pleasure trip."

On a careful perusal of the preceding, as well as of Capt. Inglefield's own accounts, the following suggestions,—which I ventured to express in my previous papers, and which have an important bearing on any future searching Expedition that may be sent out—seem to be confirmed by that voyage.

1. That Sir John Franklin has not been wrecked, and has not perished in the northern part of Baffin's Bay, or along the western shore.
2. That the Polar Seas, even in very high latitudes, are perfectly navigable during a certain period of the year.
3. That this period of navigableness in the comparatively high latitudes, is not in the middle of summer (when the seas through which access is to be had are most encumbered with ice), but at the end of the summer season, or at its beginning,—before the great ice masses are dislodged from the coasts or after they have drifted southwards.
4. That certain animals fit for food are more or less abundant even in the highest latitudes.

My plan being based upon the assumption that there exists a large navigable Arctic Sea, generally called "Polar Basin," the announcement of Capt. Inglefield that, in entering Whale Sound and Smith's Sound, he believed he had "discovered and entered the Polar Basin," was to me of the highest interest;—and the fact that those seas were found perfectly navigable, even with so small a vessel, and with such slender appliances as those at his command, was highly gratifying, inasmuch as I had advocated the possibility and practicability of navigating the Polar Basin.

In carefully considering, however, the accounts of Capt. Inglefield's voyage, it appears to me, that not many grounds exist for the assumption that Greenland is an island washed on the north by the

Polar Basin. The current or drift, it is said by Capt. Inglefield, ran to the north along the east side of Baffin's Bay; but the general movement of the waters in Baffin's Bay, as is well known, is from north to south. Again, the "unexceptionable ice-blink" in Smith's Sound is indicative rather of land blocked up by ice, than of the Polar Basin, in which any ice left at so late a season would have freely drifted away. The thermometrical register kept on board the North Star in 1849-50, at Wolstenholme Sound, gives a mean temperature of 84° below zero for the coldest month. This is the lowest temperature on the American side of the Arctic Regions,—lower than was observed at Melville Island, Assistance Bay, and all other stations. In Assistance Bay, with a temperature of only 29°·8 below zero, the ameliorating influence of a Polynia to the north was frequently observed; and if Whale Sound and Smith's Sound led into the Polar Basin, a like influence would have been observed in Wolstenholme Sound. On the western coast of Novaya Zemlya, only 24° farther to the south than Wolstenholme Sound, the temperature in the coldest month is no less than 43° higher than in the latter,—a feature entirely owing to the influence of the extensive Polar Seas around. Again, the natives met with by Capt. Inglefield, as far as could be ascertained, did not seem to be aware of any communication between Baffin's Bay and the Polar Basin. Indeed, such a hypothesis has never been ventured upon by any of the preceding voyagers;—though since the discoveries of Sir John Ross, it was evident that near the head of Baffin's Bay an extensive sea existed.

But the most important proof of the improbability—nay impossibility—of those seas being connected with the Polar Basin, is the absence of drift-wood,—it may safely be said *entire* absence, because the little bits of wood made artistically into the handle of a whip, &c., probably came from some of the whalers. A consideration of the currents led Columbus to the conclusion that a country existed to the west of the Azores and Madeira groups, from which certain curious natural products and specimens of human workmanship—which could not be identified with the productions of any known district,—must have drifted to those islands, on the shores of which they had been picked up;—but Columbus was for a long time treated as a visionary. A like consideration of the currents of the Arctic Regions leads us to many important results. In the absence of sufficient actual explorations of the Polar Seas, nature herself has supplied us in the immense masses of drift-wood with so many track-bottles, which indicate the direction of the currents. Who would conjecture that the table to which the Governor of Disco Island sits down is made of drift-wood which came from Siberia,—perhaps from the frontiers of the Chinese Empire? For, the Siberian forests are the chief sources of the Arctic drift-wood, which; coming down the great rivers, launches into the Polar Sea, and is borne by a steady current towards Greenland, all along its eastern shores and round the southern extremity to the north along the greater part of its western shores, as far as Disco Island, and beyond it,—a distance of more than 4,000 miles. Now, if the drift-wood can travel such a distance by a very round-about way, it would surely extend also to Whale Sound and Smith's Sound—which are directly opposite and only about 1,600 miles distant from the Siberian shores—if there were any connexion with the Polar Basin. However narrow and intricate such an opening might be, the drift-wood would find its way, as we have many instances to prove.

Thus it appears that the reasons assigned for the theory of a communication between Baffin's Bay and the Polar Basin are slight in comparison with those which tell against it. Greenland may—and very likely does—contract about the 80th parallel of latitude; it may there become only a narrow neck of land; but that land, there is reason to conjecture, extends a great way in a northerly direction towards Bering's Straits,—and it is my firm conviction that navigators entering the sea to the north of Baffin's Bay, in the hope of reaching the Polar Basin, would find a mere *cul-de-sac*, not

even connected with the sea to the north of Wellington Channel.

The voyage which has led to the above remarks will ever remain a remarkable one in the history of the late Searching Expeditions, from the manner in which it has been performed, and the interesting results achieved by it. From 200,000l. down to 10,000l. has been the expense of former Arctic Expeditions,—Capt. Inglefield's, it is roughly guessed, cannot have cost him much more than 1,000l., in addition to the vessel. The inference is obvious.

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

#### CHARLES THE FIRST AT CARISBROOK.

We have received from Mr. Hillier the following letter in reference to our review [*ante*, p. 1261] of his volume on this subject.

"In the review of my recently published work, 'King Charles the First in the Isle of Wight,' you appear to be satisfied with the matter which relates to the subject in hand, or at least somewhat so, whilst from the passing allusions to the more general history of the year 1648 you not only draw the inference that my knowledge of the Cromwell period is second-hand and imperfect, but at the same time represent me to have mis-stated details in connexion with the reference of a few lines to the revolt of the fleet in the Downs. Are you, however, sure that I have therein evidenced my ignorance of these incidents, and your criticism has perfect knowledge of them? I rather think the contrary is nearer the truth, and that I used Dr. Lingard's words, not as second-hand, but in the conviction of their truthfulness.

The condemned sentence informs the reader that the fleet which revolted from the Parliament and went to Holland consisted of six ships. Now, is this correct or is it not? You aver that there were *seven*,—and I again repeat that the revolted fleet then comprised but six;—in corroboration of my statement, particularly referring you to the *Lords' Journals*, vol. x. page 298,—where you will find the Earl of Warwick's own report, with the name of these very six ships there set down—viz. 'The Reformation—the Swallow—the Satisfaction—the Hind frigate—the Roebuck—the Pelican.' A few pages in advance there is a letter from the same nobleman, dated Portsmouth, June 6th, 1648, in which he writes: 'I have not anything from the Downs by sea since my coming hither,—but by letters from London, this day I hear that the six revolted ships are gone northwards.'

"Have you not mistaken the time when the ships which you name were in the Downs? for that they were there with the Prince of Wales on the return of the fleet I do not dispute; and although I could mention numerous other contemporary authorities which show the same result, and am perfectly conversant both with Sir William Batten's 'Declaration' and his after address designed 'The Seaman's Diall or the Mariner's Card' (London, 1649), I am quite ignorant of either of these publications containing the information which you allege that he renders,—or indeed anything pertinent to the question. In fact, I plainly say they do not.

"It would, in addition, be very easy for me to offer much objection to your comments; but I will content myself with recurring to the sarcastic inquiry—'Is Mr. Hillier certain that Titus wrote 'Killing no Murder'? I answer that I have no desire to enter upon the claims of either Titus or Anabaptist Sextus [Sextby]; but that as popular tradition and opinion have ever inclined to Titus as the more probable author, I shall continue to consider him to be such until it can be satisfactorily proved that he is not entitled to this, as you well observe, 'questionable honour,'—more especially as the document which you assert contains no reference to this assassination pamphlet recognizes the fact that he had served the King by his pen and practices against the then usurper Cromwell, and vigorously endeavoured the destruction of that tyrant and his government. With Swift's expression respecting Titus I have of course nothing to do, and I imagine his principles were not an exception to the prevailing degeneracy of the time; but if it was Swift's opinion that Titus showed himself to be 'the greatest rogue in all England' by the steadfast energy and fearless endeavours with which he served the Stuart family under circumstances which few men would have encountered, and through a long series of perilous years, I do think he formed a very curious estimate of his character.

"I would finally remark that I do not deny but there exists some obscurity in Dr. Lingard's expression, although his meaning is perfectly obvious; and that I am,

"Yours, &c. GEORGE HILLIER."

Our readers will perceive that Mr. Hillier accepts, as the custom is, whatever credit we can allow him for his work,—but enters protest, as the custom also is, against our censures and corrections. The practice of arguing the matter of our reviews with all those whose works we review would involve us in endless controversy without leading to any practical result; but there are cases in which the remonstrances of an author involve questions of fact, and suggest explanation where further explanation will be useful—in which we may make exceptions to a rule of silence generally prescribed by all the conditions of the case.

Mr. Hillier finds three grounds of objection against our review. In the first place (to take them in the order of our review itself)—he writes:

—“If it was Swift’s opinion that Titus showed himself to be the greatest rogue in England . . . I do think he formed a very curious estimate of his character.” Now, whatever Mr. Hillier may “think” of Swift’s judgment and knowledge of character, there is no “if” whatever as to the fact of the judgment being as we stated. “Curious” or not curious,—this was Swift’s opinion:—as Mr. Hillier may find by turning to the notes in the Oxford edition of Burnet’s ‘History of his Own Times.’

In the second place Mr. Hillier halts at our question—“Is Mr. Hillier certain that Titus wrote ‘Killing no Murder’?” His own answer, however, leaves the point where it was,—and justifies our interrogatory. “I answer,” he writes, “that . . . as popular tradition and opinion have ever inclined to Titus as the more probable author, I shall continue to consider him such until it can be satisfactorily proved that he is not.”—Will the reader not agree with us that this is speaking somewhat too confidently? We do not say that Titus was *not* the author of this atrocious pamphlet:—that would be to speak in the over-hasty and confident spirit which we condemn, so long as certain evidence on the point is wanting; but in his recent volume Mr. Hillier pronounces without reserve,—and in apparent ignorance of any other claim—for even now he has got the name of the anabaptist wrong,—that Titus was “the author of the pamphlet, and published it in 1657 under the fictitious name of William Allen.”—This is positively averred, as he now admits on no better ground than “popular tradition.” No doubt the point is obscure. The internal evidence either way is but slight,—yet, such as it is, it rather favours the Sexby than the Titus claim. The postscript runs:—“Courteous reader, Expect another sheet or two of paper of this subject, if I escape the tyrant’s hands.” Another sheet or two of paper did not appear—though Titus did “escape the tyrant’s hands.” In June 1657 Sexby was seized on board the Hope, “in a mean habit, disguised like a countryman,”—was sent to the Tower, where he became insane,—and died in January of the following year. If he were the author of ‘Killing no Murder,’ there were very sufficient reasons for not keeping the promise of his postscript to the public.—But this evidence is altogether too slight to justify a conclusion either way.

Mr. Hillier is naturally dissatisfied with our inference from his book that “his knowledge of the Cromwell period is second-hand and imperfect;”—but we are compelled to add, that his present letter lends confirmation to the evidence to that effect which we found in his book. In reference to our remark that, in the affair of the revolt of the fleet, he had followed Lingard’s brief abstract instead of using the original authorities, he says—“I used Dr. Lingard’s words, not as second-hand, but in the conviction of their truthfulness.” From this it would appear that there are two authorities against us:—Dr. Lingard and Mr. Hillier. It is, however, a question of fact—not of authority; and, therefore, to be argued on evidence. In noticing the meagre account of this important revolt given in Mr. Hillier’s book, we said:—“Mr. Hillier seems to have no idea that this revolt had a near connexion with his subject; he misses the essential point and mis-states details.” That he had missed the essential point—the bearing of the revolt on the probabilities of Charles’s escape from Carisbrook, and consequently from the scaffold—our correspondent tacitly admits; but he contends for the correctness of his details. Now, what were these details? Mr. Hillier’s paragraph ran thus:—“This fleet consisted of six ships of war fully equipped for summer service; and after thus declaring themselves, they immediately sailed under the royal colours to Helvoetsluys, in Holland, in search of the Duke of York, whom they chose as their commander-in-chief.” Now, here are several details: but we are far from thinking them exactly stated.

It would be an endless question if we were to discuss the exact facts in the *Athenæum*—to separate the amount of revolted power generally, from the amount at any particular time and place. From Clarendon we might suppose that there was “a good

fleet of ten or a dozen ships.”—Warwick’s Narrative and the Report of the Council of War names only four—Whitelock would lead to the inference that there were three—and Mr. Hillier tells us that the Lords’ Journals mention six. Our Correspondent, however, proceeds to state that the revolted fleet, being *fully equipped*, sailed *immediately for Helvoetsluys* in search of the Duke of York. Here, if we mistake not, are distinct mis-statements of detail. The ships were *not* fully equipped,—having, as Clarendon says, on board at that time “only half the victual they were to have for the summer service,” and this is confirmed by other authorities.—They did *not* sail immediately. The mutiny began before the 24th of May; two days after this, Rainsborough was put on shore; and on the 1st of June they were still in the Downs. Nor is it true that in the first instance they sailed for Helvoetsluys,—for they first crossed over to Calais, in expectation of finding the Prince of Wales there. Mr. Hillier now tacitly gives up the apocryphal “search for the Duke of York.” The object of the revolt was to get at the Prince of Wales,—and one of the ships remained at Calais to take him on board. Nor are these blunders all. Whenever Mr. Hillier has occasion to refer to these revolted ships, he falls into mis-statement,—as, for example, where he asserts that on the 20th of July “the Prince of Wales had been more than six weeks in the Downs, with a good fleet,”—the truth being, that the Prince of Wales first appeared before Yarmouth near the end of July, and his first general declaration is dated July 29. To this declaration Mr. Hillier will find appended the list of ships then with the Prince,—not *nineteen*, as he says, but *ten*,—which, with the addition of the third frigate, makes the list as given in our review.—But enough of these details.

In our notice of Mr. Hillier’s volume, we expressed some regrets that a page of our history so interesting as that of this revolt should have been so hastily penned and so imperfectly understood by writers. A good chronology of the affair is still wanting. The state papers of the time—letters often based on false rumour or idle gossip—contradicted each other about it at every turn. Modern writers have followed one or other of these statements without collation or criticism. Hume says:—“Seventeen ships, lying in the mouth of the river, declared for the King,—and putting Rainsborough, their admiral, on shore, sailed over to Holland, where the Prince of Wales took the command of them.” Lingard writes:—“Six men of war, fully equipped for the summer service, declared in favour of the King, and the mariners . . . proceeded under the royal colours to the Hague, in search of the young Duke of York, whom they chose for their commander in chief.”

We commend this theme for a special monograph to the members of our antiquarian and historical Societies.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE University of Industry is no longer a conception and a possibility. It is a fact. The vote introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a full house, with all opinions present, and carried, as our lively neighbours across the Channel would say, by acclamation, has put the scheme into a state of financial prosperity which will allow its promoters to proceed in the work with alacrity and confidence.—Mr. Disraeli on Monday evening obtained a vote of 150,000, in aid of the scheme described by us last week as proposed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition. He announced it as a principle of State policy, that the time had arrived when it was absolutely essential to develop the intellectual element of manufactures,—or, in other words, to connect Science and Art more intimately with Production; and this was the more especially necessary, because improvements in locomotion had equalized the price of the raw material, and converted the competition of industry into one of intellect. The vote was passed with singular unanimity,—notwithstanding that no attempt was made to conceal the fact, that it was

only preliminary and involved future expenditure.—The learned Societies appear not to have fully understood the proposal of the Commissioners to afford them space on which they might rear a Palace of Science; and the Council of the Royal Society has even thrown itself into a state of *quasi* hostility to the project, although it confesses in its resolution that it does so only on “having heard reports” of the scheme. A general opinion prevailed in the House, and is participated in by the public, that the resolution of the Council of the Royal Society was premature; the proposal of the Commissioners being merely suggestive, and being expressly founded on the supposition that it was compatible with “the different interests with which they (the Societies) are themselves connected, on which they are dependent, and of which they are, therefore, the best guardians and judges.” The question is not put categorically to the Societies whether they will go to Kensington or not; all that is implied is, that the Commissioners are prepared to give them a liberal present should they be inclined to do so. The juxtaposition of Societies is only one out of many things suggested by the Commissioners,—and should be considered as calmly and dispassionately as it is proposed. Though it may not be for the interests of the Societies now, yet it may be so twenty years hence. The Royal Society met once in Gresham College,—and it now meets in Somerset House; perhaps the time is not distant when a Palace of Science in Kensington would not be so very inconvenient. The present inconvenience to many members of meeting at Kensington would doubtless be considerable:—but, on the other hand, the conveniences proposed are also great, and are by many members deemed paramount. A Palace of Science containing all the learned Societies under one roof, with their libraries and collections so easily accessible as to make them practically common to all Fellows, with their meetings so arranged that they might be attended with that convenience which was so characteristic of the last Meeting of the British Association, in which all its Sections met in one building,—offering advantages of no mean kind:—and the added pecuniary considerations of economy of management and of rent are in this way also important. Science will never obtain its right position until such a scheme is adopted; but whether the locality be in Charing Cross or in Kensington is of little moment. The advisability of juxtaposition is now admitted by all Societies, and is solemnly affirmed in the late resolution of the Royal Society,—so that the difference of opinion resolves itself into one of localities merely. On that the Societies are left to be their own judges. But should they not be able to obtain a locality more suitable than Kensington, then it remains an open question, which had better not be involved by resolutions of Societies, as to whether the present advantages of their respective positions are greater than the disadvantages arising from their separation; and, on this subject, we would only remark, that they would do well to recollect that opportunities such as those now offered are not often presented by public feeling in this country. There is, however, great evil in precipitating conclusions either way, when none are wanted. Certain Societies have now free accommodation,—and it has never for an instant been contemplated to abstract this, in order to force them to a retreat to Kensington. All that is either said or implied is, that, in consideration of a want expressed by the Societies themselves the Commissioners place public land at their disposal. The gift may be declined for the present if it be deemed advisable,—or it may be kept open for consideration, as the future interests of science may require that which some of its representatives would refuse now.

Our readers—actors especially, and all who are interested in the due carrying out of a very noble charity—will learn with satisfaction that application is intended to be made to Parliament during the present session for an Act “to alter, vary, and extend the trusts, powers, and administration, to enlarge the charitable uses, extend the objects, and regulate the application of the rents and profits of the estates and property” belonging to Dulwich



College. The *London Gazette* contains the usual "notice." God's Gift College at Dulwich, we need hardly remind our readers, was founded and endowed by Edward Alleyn, the great actor, and rival of Richard Burbadge; and though its funds, small at first, were not set apart for the benefit of actors and dramatic writers,—yet there is now, with its enlarged income, no reason whatever why a part of its charity should not be connected with the calling by which Alleyn is still so honourably distinguished.

In answer to the deputation of the Society for the Repeal of all Taxes on Knowledge, the Earl of Derby explained on Wednesday that the question of these various imposts is under the consideration of Government—and has been postponed only in consequence of certain financial reasons to that effect. The Premier had nothing to urge in favour of the justice or even the policy of these taxes. As to one of them—the advertisement duty—the least productive, and yet most oppressive—he volunteered a strong opinion that it is of a decidedly objectionable character; and he promised that as soon as it is possible and consistent to alter or repeal it, the present Government will bring the question before the House of Commons. We are not surprised at this. Of the three taxes grouped under the general designation of Taxes on Knowledge,—the stamp is political—the paper duties literary—the advertisement tax social:—and the tendency of all recent legislation has very properly been to give place and precedence to questions of social importance. The advertisement duty has no doubt something to do with literature, but only so far as literature is a trade. It is essentially a question of business and labour: and on this ground presents an exceedingly strong case to a Ministry pledged to a policy of unrestricted competition.—Meantime, the object of the Attorney-General, to which we referred last week, in bringing in his bill 'To amend the Law relating to the Stamp Duty on Newspapers'—now appears to be, merely to explain more strictly one part of the definition of a newspaper, so as finally to release journals published at intervals exceeding twenty-six days from any dispute as to whether they fall within the operations of the Stamp Act. This measure, the Attorney-General stated, was proposed in the interests of literature at the suggestion of our literary Chancellor of the Exchequer,—who had expressed his anxiety that the question should be thus settled by legislation in conformity with the judicial opinion expressed by the majority of the Barons of the Exchequer, but dissented from by Baron Parke.

Our Planet-Finder has completed his cabalistic number. On the 16th ult.—as we learn from a communication to *The Times*—Mr. Hind obtained a first glimpse of the celestial stranger; next day he completed his discovery of the new planet. Mr. Vogel, assistant at the Regent's Park Observatory, by the aid of Mr. Hartnup's observations—made in Liverpool—has calculated the elements of the new planet's orbit. The mean distance from the sun is noted as 2.9412, the eccentricity 0.10458. The period of revolution is reckoned at 1,842 days, or rather over five years. Mr. Adams, on the application of Mr. Bishop, has proposed to name the new planet Calliope—a name, not only in unison with the names of the other asteroids, but significant of a national event:—Calliope being mythologically charged to perpetuate the fame of heroes, and the planet being finally discovered on the morning of our latest hero's funeral. This is a new and unexpected illustration of the Iron Duke. If a comet did not appear at the beginning of his life—as has so often been the case with heroes—there has been this compensation for him, that it cannot in future be said that a new star did not appear at its close.

The subject of University tests in Scotland was brought before the House of Lords a few days ago by the Duke of Argyll. The Earl of Derby avowed his own opinion that a measure which would in any way tend to reconcile those two great bodies into which the Church of Scotland is at this moment divided, and to give to the Universities the advantage of the talents of those who belong to the subdivisions of the common church, would be well

worthy of the consideration of the Government. The Premier did not, however, admit that he was in favour of abolishing all religious tests in the great seats of learning now established in Scotland; though, when he said "that there is always more animosity between religious bodies in minor points the more they approach each other in religious doctrine," he announced a truth that will probably appear to many a very strong argument in favour of the policy of abolishing such "minor points" as University tests. The statement made by Lord Derby is, nevertheless, an evidence that this question is making progress. When the argument comes to be all on one side, it may reasonably be supposed that opinion will gradually consolidate into fact.

A good suggestion was thrown out by Mr. Charles Knight at the Exeter Hall meeting in favour of a repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. This was, that it is desirable, failing the former scheme, to raise a monument to Caxton—the first of English printers and one of the greatest illustrations of Westminster—in the form of a free library for all classes in that ancient city. This idea is well timed and appropriate. Everywhere in the metropolis, a feeling in behalf of this order of popular institution is growing up and spreading. That which was yesterday a fancy is to-day a fact. In Marylebone, as our readers know, the movement has assumed visible shape. In Lambeth, Southwark, Finsbury and other parishes or boroughs, the sentiment is fast growing into a motive power. Of course Westminster will not lag behind its younger rivals—the city from which the first English books were issued forth to the reading world—the seat of government and legislation for the whole empire—may not for its own credit be the last to recognize the new social and literary reform. That a free library for Westminster will sooner or later be established, we need not doubt;—and as there could scarcely be a more pertinent designation for it, there is no reason why it might not be called, as Mr. Knight suggests, the "Caxton Library." Such a "Caxton memorial" would appropriately enough take the place of all other projects and testimonials. The "fountain" that will not play and the "lamp" that will not burn may properly and by common consent be set aside in favour of the intellectual lights and fountains of knowledge;—and the monies now in hand, of course with the express consent of the subscribers, might be made the nucleus and beginning of a movement that would gradually rally all the popular sympathies and generous rivalries of Westminster to a common cause. All that is wanted in questions like this—as Manchester, Liverpool, Marylebone have each in turn proved—is, a point of departure, a centre of action,—in a word, an initiative. The Caxton Committee need but give the word, and we fancy they would find a plentiful popular response. At present there seems to be some doubt as to whether that committee be still extant or not,—but, as there is a fund somewhere in hand, we presume there must be some body held together by the responsibilities attaching to its custody.

A new book society and literary institution has been set a-foot by the officers and clerks employed at the London and North-Western Railway Station, in Euston Grove. The subscription is fixed at a low rate, so as to bring in all classes of the railway employes; and the hours are so arranged as to suit the convenience of the particular persons in whose behalf it is formed. Rooms—if we understand the papers sent to us aright—have been provided by the railway directors for the use of the institution. The members are to consist exclusively of those employed at the railway,—and any one leaving or discharged will forfeit all his rights in it:—a rule which will probably operate against any desire that might otherwise exist to pay down at once a life subscription.

We believe, there is an error in the report of the Microscopical Society which appeared—as furnished to us—in our columns a fortnight since [*ante*, p. 1302]. Mr. Delarue is there represented as recommending that Mr. Delves should receive a medal from the Society of Arts:—on account of the excellence of his specimens. Mr. Delarue, we are now informed, recommended to the Council of that

body to offer a medal generally for the best series of microscopic objects in photography.—In reporting Mr. Shadbolt's remarks, too, it should have been mentioned that the specimens of photography which he exhibited were produced by artificial light. This is evidently a great advantage: as persons not able to work at photography by day can, according to him, do it—though of course with inferior effect—by night.

On the motion of Mr. Tufnel, a Committee of the House of Commons has been named to inquire into the expediency of distributing a select number of the Reports and Returns printed by order of the House amongst literary and scientific Societies and Mechanics' Institutes. These papers, drawn up on a great variety of subjects connected with the practical business of life, are among the most important documents issued from the press in our day—both for present use and for future consultation. The Reports on "Commercial Tariffs"—on the present state and action of our "Criminal Law"—on the practical results of "Transportation"—on "Ireland," and on many other subjects, are documents without a thorough knowledge of which it is impossible to discuss the topics of which they treat. Any measure which shall have the effect of placing this immense body of authentic information within easy reach of all reading men, will be an unquestionable boon;—and from the spirit in which Mr. Tufnel's motion was received on both sides of the House, there is little doubt that the sittings will result in an extension of the privilege—already enjoyed by some institutions—of a gratuitous supply of parliamentary papers.

The Dublin correspondence of the *Daily News* announces that the Royal Irish Academy has elected Mr. Prescott and Mr. Macaulay on to its list of honorary members.

From Paris we learn, that a chair of Zoology, in relation to the practical purposes of agriculture and manufactures, has been created in the *Conservatoire Nationale des Arts et Métiers*,—and that M. Baudement, a Professor in the lately-suppressed *Institut Agronomique*, has been appointed to fill it.—From the same city we also read, that the society formed about ten years ago to circulate the writings of M. Victor Hugo has just parted with the copyrights to MM. Lebigne and Delayhays. The purchase-money is said to be 82,000 francs.

German papers announce that Herr Humboldt has completed a fourth volume of his 'Cosmos'; and the manuscript being in the printer's hand, it is expected that it will shortly make its appearance.

A new scientific and exploring Expedition, under the conduct of Commander Lynch, known to our readers by his recent Expedition to the Dead Sea, is about to start by orders of authority in Washington. Its object is, to examine the interior of Africa—inland from Liberia—with a view to the discovery of a track of land, if any such exists, fitted for colonization at a distance from the sea. The Expedition is apparently connected with the ever accumulating difficulties of the slave question,—and points to the idea of a larger exodus of the Black people of the "States" than has hitherto been seen. Any well-prepared Expedition into interior Africa would be of value,—but the social interest of the inquiries to be conducted by Commander Lynch and his staff far exceeds the interest which is purely scientific.

THE LYING IN STATE, THE DUKES CHAMBER, and WALKER CASTLE are now added to the Diorama, THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON (as exhibited before Her Majesty, the Royal Family, and the late Duke), being the only complete illustration of HIS GRACES MILITARY CAREER ever exhibited. Daily, at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 3s. GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.

PATRON—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT. ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—ENTIRELY NEW EXHIBITION.—AN OPTICAL AND MUSICAL ILLUSTRATION OF 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,' the Words from Shakespeare, the Music by Horn, Stevens, Henry West, Bishop, and Dr. Cooke, daily, at a Quarter past Four, and Evenings, except Saturday, at Half-past Nine.—LECTURES: by J. H. Pepper, Esq. on AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY, daily at Two, and on Tuesday and Thursday Evenings at Eight; by Dr. Buchholzer, on FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY, illustrated by the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE; by Mr. Crispin, on BALLOONING and the PROSPECTS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION, illustrated by a beautiful Model of POUFFINBERG'S PARACHUTE, GREEN'S GUIDE-ROPE, DIAGRAMS, &c.—DISSOLVING VIEWS, including Views of WALKER CASTLE, WALKER CHURCH, &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools and Children under ten years of age, 6d. each.

**THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.**—This NEW MOVING PANORAMA. Painted from Sketches made upon the spot, by J. S. FAOUR. Member of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, is EXHIBITED daily at 208, Regent Street, next the Polytechnic. Among the principal Scenes are Plymouth Sound—Madeira—Cape of Good Hope—South Sea Whale Fishing—Melbourne—Queensland—The Road to the Diggins—Mount Alexander—Sydney—The Blue Mountains—Summerhill Creek—Ophir—Encampment of Gold Diggers by Moonlight—Admission, 1s.; Central Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 6d. At Three and Eight o'clock.—The Descriptive Lecture is given by Mr. Frost.

**WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.**—BARTLETT'S GREAT DIORAMA OF JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND. Painted under the direction of Mr. W. Beverly, with grand sacred vocal music by a full choir, conducted by Mr. J. H. Tully, daily at Three and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d.—St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

**GEOLOGICAL.**—Dec. 1.—W. Hopkins, Esq., President, in the chair.—J. M. Clabon, Esq., J. S. Fraser, Esq., the Rev. O. Fisher, Sir C. Fellows, Prof. M'Coy, and E. Wood, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—‘On the Distribution and Organic Remains of the Ludlow Bone Bed, in the Woolhope and Mayhill Districts,’ by H. E. Strickland, Esq.;—‘On the supposed Fish-Remains figured in Plate IV. of the “Silurian System,”’ by Prof. M'Coy;—‘On some of the Remains in the Ludlow Bone Bed,’ by Sir R. I. Murchison.

**ASIATIC.**—Dec. 4.—Sir George Stannion in the chair.—The Assistant Secretary read extracts from letters which he had received from Col. Rawlinson, communicating some of the results of his recent investigations. In a letter dated the 4th of September, the Colonel announced his discovery, that the series of six kings named in the inscriptions of Van were contemporaneous with the kings of the Assyrian line from Sardanapalus to Sennacherib. The synchronisms are seen at three periods:—Lutpuri is found contending with Sardanapalus,—his son, Semiduri, is attacked by Deleboras,—and the fifth Van monarch, Argisti, is an antagonist of Sargon. The Colonel remarks, that, in addition to the historical interest afforded by this determination of the date of the Van inscriptions, it gives a satisfactory evidence that the Assyrian royal series is complete in our lists; and it is further curious to observe, that the earliest inscriptions in Armenia and Assyria are by contemporary kings. In a subsequent letter, dated 25th of September, Col. Rawlinson gives some account of one of the Khorsabad cylinders; which he finds to contain a list of the titles and conquests of Sargon, and a notice of the building of Khorsabad, very much like what is inscribed on the bulls. He finds, however, some important variations,—such as, the carrying off the tribes of Tamud, Yanadid, Esayaman, and Gasipa from the neighbourhood of Samaria; though he says that the extremely minute and difficult character of the writing renders the names, all but the first, somewhat uncertain. He also reads upon it an account of the capture of Tyre, which he has not seen among other inscriptions of Sargon. These cylinders confirm the Colonel's previous opinion, that the capture of Samaria took place in the first year of Sargon's reign, B.C. 721, at least twenty years before the Palestine campaigns of Sennacherib. He expects more certain results from the other cylinder, which he is informed is more perfect, and in a larger character. In the two letters read, the Colonel complained of attacks of illness; and in a third letter, dated the 15th of October, written in a tent at Ctesiphon, he says, that he is driven out of Bagdad by sickness, and ordered by his medical attendant to go into the country, and leave mental exercise for a while. He has, however, begun to open some mounds at Seleucia, which look promising.—The Colonel, towards the end of this letter, states his conviction, that the era of Nabonassar marks the introduction of Assyrian writing into Babylonia, where a kind of hieroglyphic only was previously in use. He thought he had found evidence that the hieroglyphic writing had been carried to Assyria eleven or twelve centuries before the Christian era, improved there, made partially phonetic, and reimported in its altered shape at the epoch mentioned. The Colonel gives one case of the obvious change from the picture to the

letter, and could trace the change in twenty instances.—The Assistant Secretary read a paper relative to the proper rendering into English of the Chinese word *man*; being the substance of several reports drawn up in China, by the authorized translators of the British Government, in reply to the strictures of Mr. P. P. Thoms, who had, in a pamphlet printed some time ago, impugned the correctness of the rendering “barbarian,” employed by them, and attributed to the use of that word a good deal of the misunderstanding with the British authorities which ultimately produced the Chinese war. He gave it as his decided opinion, that the word ought to be rendered “foreigner.” All the reports agreed in stating that the word *man*, which Mr. Thoms alleged to be wrongly translated, was not the word that had been rendered “barbarian;” and that such word, in fact, was not found at all, or but rarely, in the documents referred to by him; but that the word *e* was so rendered. A considerable portion of the reports was taken up by citations from Chinese writers of various periods, which showed that *e* was always used contemptuously; that its most common meaning was “rude,” “uncivilized,” and that the idea of inhumanity and cruelty was frequently superadded to that of rudeness. Mr. Parkes of Canton said that he had, as a test, occasionally used the word in reference to the Chinese themselves, and that the expression had invariably been received with unmistakable marks of anger and dissatisfaction. It was also stated by Mr. Sinclair, as an evidence of Chinese feeling on this matter, that in a letter written by the Taoutai of Ningpo, in 1844, it was recommended to discontinue the use of the word in speaking or writing of Englishmen if it was desirable to maintain friendship with them. It was shown in the reports, that all communications directly addressed to us containing the expression objected to had been steadily returned unanswered; and that it had, in consequence, been quite discontinued in such communications. The term was, however, still employed by the Chinese in their letters to the government when referring to us,—a usage which appeared to the interpreters to have the effect of maintaining in the mind of the people that opinion of European inferiority which existed among them; and it was felt that such use of the term materially affected our position in our intercourse with the nation generally.—The Chairman said a few words in reference to the question. He fully agreed with the interpreters, that the Chinese term was offensive; but he thought “barbarian” too strong a term for the occasion, and, in fact, wholly inapplicable. In the voluminous and elaborate Dictionary of that distinguished Chinese scholar, Dr. Morrison, the Chinese word *e* is explained in three several places.—Part I. p. 586, Part II. p. 131, and Part III. p. 177; and in no instance is the word “barbarian” employed, but the word *e* is universally rendered “foreigner generally.” In fact, every generic term for foreigner which places the English in the same category with the various uncivilized races with which China is surrounded must, of necessity, be degrading and offensive. Sir George, therefore, recommends, that the generic term “foreigner” should be dropped altogether in all our communications with the Chinese authorities,—and the special designations of English, and the English nation, substituted for it.

**SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—Dec. 2.—Sir R. H. Inglis, V.P., in the chair.—Sir T. Phillipps exhibited an ancient French MS. of the sixteenth century, respecting monastic rules,—and Mr. Cole a metal box of the cinque-cento period, said to have belonged to Francis the First. It was of most delicate and elaborate workmanship. A brass reliquary, of a very early date, and of an original form, was sent from Suffolk that it might be placed upon the table in hope of information regarding its date and character. Mr. Ouvry produced a fine miniature of one of the natural sons of Charles the Second. It was of undoubted authenticity, and attracted much attention,—but the name of the artist is not known. It could not be either of the Olivers.—The first paper of the season was by Mr. Payne Collier, and

referred to three points.—1. That Sir Thomas Lucy had deer in his park at Charlecote (denied by Malone) which Shakespeare might have been concerned in stealing. This fact was proved by an original letter from the steward of the estate. 2. That the Shakespeares of Rowington, near Stratford-upon-Avon, were very unruly, and had had violent disputes with the vicar and parishioners, for which they were prosecuted on two occasions. 3. That shortly before 1600 William Shakespeare sold a small part of his patrimonial property in Henley Street,—a fact not hitherto known, and of importance in relation to the bill now in Parliament for vesting that estate in the Crown. According to the document proving it, the original frontage towards Henley Street must have been considerably greater than it appears to have been at the time of the poet's bequest.—After the conclusion of this paper, Mr. Hawkins in a brief speech brought forward his motion for a Committee of seven Fellows to examine and report upon the existing statutes of the Society. The proposer declared, that it was not at all his intention, or wish, to disturb the recent double decision of the Society in favour of a diminution of the expense of admission. The names which he proposed were these, excluding himself:—Mr. Heywood, Mr. Morgan, Capt. Smyth, Mr. Ouvry, Sir F. Dwaris, Mr. Tite and Mr. Foss. The last gentleman declared that he had never consented to act, and required that the name of Mr. Hawkins should be substituted; and after a short discussion it was decided that the mover ought to share the trouble and responsibility of his own proposition, and that Mr. Foss should be excused. By the recommendation of the Council, time is to be allowed for the consideration of the names by the whole body of the Society; and as Mr. Hawkins could not attend the meeting of Thursday next, the final choice and appointment of the Committee was deferred until the 16th inst.

**INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.**—Nov. 29.—Prof. Donaldson in the chair.—The discussion on the proposed removal of the National Gallery was resumed, and carried on with much animation. Although the Chairman, and Mr. Pocock, of Brompton, considered the site proposed by the Government preferable to the present locality, the majority of the Meeting was against the removal.—Mr. Papworth referred to the evidence before the Parliamentary Committee to show that, in the opinion of the principal witnesses, much fewer people would visit the collection at Kensington than in Trafalgar Square; and Mr. Foggo adduced facts and arguments in support of the views which he expressed at a former meeting. A motion was made to the effect, that it was desirable to postpone the further consideration of the question till the views of the Government were fully before the public; but, as it was thought desirable that the Meeting should express an opinion upon it without delay, the following amendment was put and carried; and the Council were requested to take the proper steps in accordance with it:—“That, in the opinion of the architects, artists, and amateurs present, sufficient evidence has not been laid before the public to warrant the removal of the National Collection of Pictures from a central position in the metropolis.”

Dec. 6.—Mr. Inman, V.P., in the chair.—This was an extra meeting, called for the purpose of hearing from Dr. Henszelmann “an explanation of a series of drawings illustrative of his alleged discovery of the constructional laws of Medieval Church Architecture.”—Some of the members anticipated that the theory itself would be laid before the Meeting; but the learned Doctor's remarks, although presenting some interesting points, were confined to the general results of his observations of numerous churches in England, Germany, and Hungary,—careful drawings of which he exhibited and referred to. He submitted a request, that a Committee might be appointed to investigate the truth and importance of his discovery; confidently asserting, that it was fully borne out by his extensive investigations. After some discussion, in which it was elicited that Dr. Henszelmann would be content with a report from the committee, which should not be held binding



on the members generally,—his desire was complied with; the committee being limited to three Fellows of the Institute, with the two Honorary Secretaries acting *ex officio*.

**HORTICULTURAL.**—Dec. 7.—Sir C. Lemon, Bart. M.P., in the chair.—The Rev. H. Cook, T. E. Moss, Esq., Mr. F. E. Staff, and Mr. A. Chandler were elected Fellows.—Chrysanthemums, which were again invited, made a highly interesting display. Of Pompones, the best six, for which a silver Knightian medal was awarded, were contributed by Mr. E. G. Henderson, of St. John's Wood; Mr. Ivery, of Peckham, received a silver Banksian medal for the second best collection; Mr. Smith, of Hornsey Road, also sent six pompones, for which a certificate of merit was awarded. From the Duke of Devonshire's garden at Chiswick House, likewise came a collection, but it arrived too late for competition. The only group of large flowered sorts produced came from Mr. E. G. Henderson, of the Wellington Road. Table pears were shown in considerable numbers. Of English grown sorts, the best was a collection from Earl De Grey's place at Wrest Park, Bedfordshire; but it was disqualified, on account of its arriving too late; as was also a collection from the Earl of Clarendon. The first prize, therefore, (a Banksian medal,) was awarded to R. Sneyd, Esq., for well-ripened specimens of Colmar d'Arenberg, Passe Colmar, Beurré Diel, Glout Moreceau, Old Crassano, and Beurré Rance. The next two best groups, to which equal prizes (a certificate) were awarded, came from Cheshire; one from Sir Philip De Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart.; and the other from J. B. Glegg, Esq., Withington Hall, near Congleton. These were both good examples of pear growing.—Of foreign pears, Mr. L. Solomons, of Covent Garden, sent an excellent collection, consisting of Beurré Rance, Glout Moreceau, Uvedale's St. Germain, Jean de Witte, Chaumontel, Bon Chrétien, and Belle Angerine. A Banksian medal was awarded. Interesting examples of the true old Golden Pippin were furnished by Earl De Grey's gardener. These had been grown on trees trained on an east wall, from which fine healthy crops are annually gathered; while from standards of this variety in the same garden, the fruit is cankered and bad; surely going far to prove that instead of the Golden Pippin wearing out, as some imagine, it is really too tender for our climate. A certificate of merit was awarded.—Some good pine apples were contributed. From the Royal Gardens at Frogmore came two smooth-leaved Cayennes weighing respectively 7 lb. 8 oz. and 6 lb. 4 oz., for which a Banksian medal was awarded; a capitolly ripened fruit of this variety also came from Col. Baker, at Salisbury. Mr. Davis, of Oak Hill, sent an Enville, 4 lb. 2 oz.; and a Providence, 6 lb. 12 oz., was shown from the Duke of Sutherland's garden at Trentham. E. Paver, Esq., of Taunton, sent a Queen, 4 lb. 5 oz., for which a certificate was awarded; and Sir J. Bailey, Bart., M.P., a Ripley Queen, 5 lb. 10 oz., together with a well cultivated black Jamaica, 4 lb. 14 oz., for which a certificate of merit was awarded.—Excellent grapes, for which a certificate was awarded, were produced, in the shape of three bunches of Muscats, beautifully swelled and coloured, from Mr. Wortley, gardener to Mrs. Maubert, of Norwood. Mr. Fleming also sent three large and fine bunches of the same variety. Mr. Davis, of Oak Hill, contributed a dish of Oldaker's West's St. Peters, in first-rate condition, being fresh, plump, and black as grapes possibly could be; a Banksian medal was awarded them.—A dish of large fine-looking lemons, of good quality, for which a certificate was awarded, was furnished by T. Lockyer, Esq., of South Wombury House, Plymouth, the interest about which is that they had been produced in the open air. It was stated that lemons had been cultivated against a south wall in Mr. Lockyer's garden for these last thirty years, the principal care required being merely to protect them from wet, from which they suffer more than from cold. This is readily effected by covering them in wet periods like the present with straw protections or glass. It was stated that good dressings of sheep-droppings to their roots had kept them in a high state of luxu-

riance. Messrs. Standish & Noble again sent the new evergreen shrub, *Skimmia japonica*, covered with holly-like berries, if possible more brilliant than before. From Chiswick House came a noble bush in a square tub of the sweet-smelling *Daphne indica rubra*, for which a certificate of merit was awarded. Messrs. Veitch showed a large and fine plant of the tree *Vanda suavis*, and *Limatodes rosea*, an extremely pretty plant from Moulmein, which at first sight might be mistaken for a *Calanthe*. It is a terrestrial species, producing numerous spikes of gay rosy flowers, which are very attractive. A Knightian medal was awarded.—The Hon. W. F. Strangways sent a highly interesting collection of cut specimens of winter flowering plants which are hardy in the mild climate of Dorsetshire, but which mostly require the protection of a greenhouse about London. Specimens illustrative of the transition of *Agilops ovata* into the *Touzelia* wheat of the south of France were exhibited. The only forced vegetables exhibited consisted of foreign produce, supplied by Mr. L. Solomons, of Covent Garden, whose collection contained good examples of sea kale, endive, lettuces, horn carrots, and white and green asparagus, the green being what is called "screw." For these a Banksian medal was awarded.

**LINNEAN.**—Dec. 7.—R. Brown, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read, 'On the Flora of Australia,'—being a letter from D. Ferdinand Müller to R. Kippist, Esq., Curator of the Society. The paper was devoted to a comparison,—1st, between the Flora of Australia and of other parts of the world; and 2ndly, between the various parts of Australia. The author divided Australia into four districts,—the Western, Southern, Eastern, and Tasmanian. Each district had its peculiarities. In the western districts, leguminous and proteaceous prevailed,—in the southern, the Compositae,—the eastern Flora is characterized by Proteaceae and Epacridaceae,—the Tasmanian, or Van Diemen's Land Flora was more insular, and contained a larger number of Ferns and Grapes. The proportion of dicotyledonous to monocotyledonous plants is as four to one. This proportion varies, however, according to latitude. In South Australia, Composite form an eighth of the whole vegetation; whilst this order and Leguminosae constitute a third of the whole of the dicotyledonous plants. The author drew attention to the fact, that a number of Australian plants are still undescribed, amounting to little less than a half. The emigration from Europe is gradually changing the character of the vegetation. Native plants are giving way to those which have been introduced by man; and nearly 100 species are found growing wild which have been brought from Europe and the Cape.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—Nov. 23.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary exhibited a series of skulls of the Gouwa, *Bos frontalis*, commonly called "the Bison" by the English in India. These skulls had been presented to the Society by Capt. Wycliffe Thompson, who had himself collected them in the "Western Ghats," or Sukyadi mountains, expressly for this purpose. The skulls represented an adult bull, a cow, and a younger animal. They formed the subject of a communication addressed by Capt. Thompson to the Secretary, in which he narrated the result of his hunting reminiscences while in pursuit of several herds in the hope of obtaining a pair of living calves, which he had at the request of Col. P. Thompson been desirous of capturing and adding as a gift to the Society's collection. The range of the Gouwa appears to be exclusively confined to the Western Ghats,—a narrow belt of wild, broken and thickly wooded country dividing the high lands of the Deccan from the low lands which border the margin of the sea. The Gouwa attains an enormous size,—old bulls being currently estimated as measuring nineteen hands at the shoulder, with a corresponding weight; notwithstanding which, they crash through the jungle, when fairly alarmed, at a very rapid pace, making their progress visible by a long track of waving branches tossing above them, like the wake of a ship at sea.—Mr. Cuming communicated the description of a new species of Hyrax discovered

in Fernando Po, by Mr. L. Fraser, H. M. Vice-Consul at Whidah, and named by him *Hyrax dorsalis*.—M. Deshayes presented the description of twenty new species of *Cardita*, from the collection of Mr. Cuming.—Among the objects placed on the table for exhibition was, a magnificent head of *Orvis Vignei* from Persia, the property of Mr. Burckhart Barker.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—Dec. 7.—J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion was resumed on Mr. Rawlinson's paper 'On the Drainage of Towns,'—and was extended to such length as to preclude the reading of any paper.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—Nov. 1.—W. Pole, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—R. Pulsford, Esq. was elected a member.

Dec. 6.—Sir C. Fellows, V.P., in the chair.—J. E. Blunt, Esq., J. Rutherford, Esq., Rev. Dr. Harris, Rev. T. F. Stooks, Rev. G. Heathcote, E. Watson Taylor, Esq., H. Ludlam, Esq., W. Watt, Esq., and Prof. H. M. Noad, Ph.D., were elected members.—The Secretary announced the following courses of lectures before Easter, 1853:—Chemistry, by Prof. Faraday (Christmas lectures); Animal Physiology, by Prof. Wharton Jones; Geology, by J. Phillips, F.R.S.;—Chemical Philosophy, by Prof. Williamson;—Organic Chemistry (Laboratory), by Dr. Hofmann.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Geographical, 8.—'Survey of the Sea of Arak,' by Capt. Butekoff, of the Imperial Russian Navy. — 'Survey in Western Tibet,' for which the Paton's Gold Medal was this year awarded to Capt. Henry Strachey.  
Tues. British Architects, 8.—'On the Anatomy of Dendrologus Insula,' by Prof. Owen. — 'On Cysts in the Liver of the Zebra,' by Mr. Huxley.  
— 'Syme's Serpents, 7½.—'On some Representations of Foreigners in Ancient Egyptian Tombs,' by Miss Fanny Corbux.  
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Renewed discussion on Mr. Rawlinson's paper 'On the Drainage of Towns.'  
Wed. Geographical, 7½.—'On Change in the Sea Level effected by existing Physical Causes during stated Periods of Time,' by A. Tylor, Esq.  
Thurs. Royal, 8½.  
— Harveian, 8.  
Sat. Medical Institute, 8½.  
— Medical, 8.  
— Asiatic, 2.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC LANDSCAPES ON PAPER.

32, Harley Street, Dec. 7.

ALLOW me to request your insertion in the *Athenæum* of the annexed communication, on the subject of Photography, in the form of a letter to myself from my brother-in-law, Mr. John Stewart, resident at Pau;—who has been singularly successful in his application of that art to the depiction of natural scenery,—and whose representations of the superb combinations of rock, mountain, forest, and water which abound in the picturesque region of the Pyrenees are among the most exquisite in their finish, and artistic in their general effect, of any specimens of that art which I have yet seen.—The extreme simplicity of the process employed by him for the preparation of the paper, its uniformity, and the certainty attained in the production of its results, seem to render it well worthy of being generally known to travellers. It need hardly be mentioned that the 'air-pump' employed may be one of so simple a construction as to add very little to either the weight, bulk, or expense of the apparatus required for the practice of this art. The obtaining of a very perfect vacuum, for the imbibition of the paper, being a matter of little moment,—a single barrel (worked by a cross-handle by direct pull and push), furnished with a flexible connecting-pipe, and constructed so as to be capable of being clamped on the edge of a table, would satisfy every condition.—I remain, &c.

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

Pau, Pyrenees.

My dear Herschel,—Thanks to the valuable indications of Prof. Regnault, of the *Institut*, I have been enabled to produce, what appear to me, most satisfactory results in *Photographic Landscapes on Paper*. In this remote corner (so deficient also in resources for experiment) I feel that I am but very partially acquainted with the results obtained and the progress making in the great centres, Paris and London; but I think that, in detailing the simple process and manipulation I

now adopt, indications of some value, and suggestive of further improvement to fellow-labourers in the art may be found; and if you are of the same opinion, you will perhaps facilitate the communication of these details to our photographers at home.

The following observations are confined to negative paper processes, divisible into two—the *wet* and the *dry*. The solutions I employ for both these processes are identical, and are as follows:—

Solution of Iodide of Potassium, of the strength of 5 parts of iodide to 100 of pure water.

Solution of Aceto-Nitrate of Silver, in the following proportions: 15 parts of nitrate of silver; 20 of glacial acetic acid; 150 of distilled water.

Solution of Gallic Acid, for developing, a saturated solution.

Solution of Hyposulphite of Soda; of the strength of 1 part hypo. of soda to from 6 to 8 parts water.

—The solutions employed are thus reduced to their simplest possible expression, for it will be observed that in iodizing I employ neither rice-water, sugar of milk, fluorine, cyanure, nor free iodide, &c. &c.; but a simple solution of iodide of potassium (the strength of this solution is a question of considerable importance, not yet, I think, sufficiently investigated).

For both the wet and the dry processes I iodize my paper as follows:—In a tray containing the above solution I plunge, one by one, as many sheets of paper (twenty, thirty, fifty, &c.) as are likely to be required for some time. This is done in two or three minutes. I then roll up loosely the whole bundle of sheets, while in the bath; and picking up the roll by the ends, drop it into a cylindrical glass vessel with a foot to it, and pour the solution therein, enough to cover the roll completely (in case it should float up above the surface of the solution, a little piece of glass may be pushed down to rest across the roll of paper and prevent its rising). The vessel with the roll of paper is placed under the receiver of an air-pump and the air exhausted; this is accomplished in a very few minutes, and the paper may then be left five or six minutes in the vacuum. Should the glass be too high (the paper being in large sheets) to be inserted under a pneumatic pump receiver, a stiff lid lined with India-rubber, with a valve in the centre communicating by a tube with a common direct-action air-pump may be employed with equal success. After the paper is thus soaked *in vacuo* it is removed, and the roll dropped back into the tray with the solution, and then sheet by sheet picked off and hung up to dry, when, as with all other iodized paper, it will keep for an indefinite time.

I cannot say that I fully understand the rationale of the action of the air-pump, but several valuable advantages are obtained by its use:—1st. The paper is thoroughly iodized, and with an equality throughout that no amount of soaking procures, for no two sheets of paper are alike, or even one, perfect throughout in texture; and air bulbs are impossible. 2nd. The operation is accomplished in a quarter of an hour, which generally employs one, two, or more hours. 3rd. To this do I chiefly attribute the fact that my paper is never solarized even in the brightest sun; and that it will bear whatever amount of exposure is necessary for the deepest and most impenetrable shadows in the view, without injury to the bright lights.

*Wet Process.*—To begin with the *wet* process. Having prepared the above solution of aceto-nitrate of silver, float a sheet of the iodized paper upon the surface of this sensitive bath, leaving it there for about ten minutes. During this interval, having placed the glass or slate of your slider quite level, dip a sheet of thick clean white printing (unsized) paper in water, and lay it on the glass or slate as a wet lining to receive the sensitive sheet. An expert manipulator may then, removing the sensitive sheet from the bath, extend it (sensitive side uppermost) on this wet paper lining, without allowing any air globules to intervene. But it is difficult, and a very simple and most effectual mode of avoiding air globules, particularly in handling very large sheets, is as follows:—Pour a thin layer of water (just sufficient not to flow over the sides) upon the lining paper, after you have extended it on your glass or slate, and then lay down your sensitive paper gently and by degrees, and floating

as it were on this layer of water; and when extended, taking the glass and papers between the finger and thumb, by an upper corner, to prevent their slipping, tilt it gently to allow the interposed water to flow off by the bottom, which will leave the two sheets of paper adhering perfectly and closely, without the slightest chance of air-bubbles;—it may then be left for a minute or two, standing upright in the same position, to allow every drop of water to escape; so that when laid flat again or placed in the slider none may return back and stain the paper. Of course, the sensitive side of the sheet is thus left exposed to the uninterrupted action of the lens, no protecting plate of glass being interposed, and even in this dry and warm climate I find the humidity and the attendant sensitiveness fully preserved for a couple of hours.

To develop views thus taken, the ordinary saturated solution of gallic acid is employed, never requiring the addition of nitrate of silver; thus preserving the perfect purity and varied modulation of the tints. The fixing is accomplished as usual with hyposulphite of soda, and the negative finally waxed.

*Dry Process.*—In preparing sheets for use when dry for travelling, &c., I have discarded the use of previously waxed paper, thus getting rid of a troublesome operation, and proceed as follows:—Taking a sheet of my iodized paper, in place of floating it (as for the wet process) on the sensitive bath, I plunge it fairly into the bath, where it is left to soak for five or six minutes—then removing it wash it for about twenty minutes, in a bath or even two, of distilled water to remove the excess of nitrate of silver, and then hang it up to dry (in lieu of drying it with blotting paper).—Paper thus prepared possesses a greater degree of sensitiveness than waxed paper, and preserves its sensitiveness, not so long as waxed paper, but sufficiently long for all practical purposes, say thirty hours, and even more. The English manufactured paper is far superior for this purpose to the French. To develop these views, a few drops of the solution of nitrate of silver are required in the gallic acid bath. They are then finally fixed and waxed as usual.

These processes appear to me to be reduced to nearly as great a degree of simplicity as possible. I am never troubled with stains or spots, and there is a regularity and certainty in the results that are very satisfactory. You will have observed, too, how perfectly the aerial perspective and gradation of tints are preserved—as also how well the deepest shadows are penetrated and developed—speaking, in fact, as they do to the eye itself in nature. In exposing for landscape, I throw aside all consideration of the bright lights, and limit the time with reference entirely to the dark and feebly-lighted parts of the view; with a 3½-inch lens, the time of exposure has thus varied from ten minutes to an hour and a half, and the action appears to me never to have ceased.

The influence of the air-pump in this appears to me very sensible, and deserving of further examination and extension. I purpose not only iodizing, but rendering the paper sensitive with the action of the air-pump, by perhaps suspending the sheet after immersion in the nitrate bath under the receiver of the air-pump for a few minutes, before exposure in the camera, or by some other manoeuvre having the same object in view.

I should add, that I have chiefly employed Canon's French paper in iodizing with the aid of the pump. Few of the English manufactured papers are sufficiently tenacious in their sizing to resist the action of the pump, but they may easily be made so; and were, in short, the English paper so far superior in quality to the French, only better sized, that is with glue less easily soluble, even though more impure, there is scarcely any limit to the beauty of the views that might be produced.

There are more minor details that might be given; but I fear repeating many a "twice-told tale," acquainted so little as I am with what is doing;—the preceding, however, may have some interest, and whatever is of value is entirely due to our friend M. Regnault, ever so generously

ready as well as able to aid and encourage one's efforts. Ever yours, JOHN STEWART.

## FINE ARTS

### WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS.

THIS Exhibition commenced its third season on Monday last, in the Gallery at No. 121, Pall Mall; and, although the time of year is sadly unpropitious to exhibitors, the works which have been sent in will, on the whole, fully repay whatever pains the public may bestow on the attempt to discover their merits through the gloomy atmosphere of December. Not that the principal artists who exhibit have developed their full force,—that they reserve, we suppose, for a brighter season,—but, apparently desirous of encouraging the growth of this young establishment, they have been more liberal of their contributions than heretofore, and the majority of their pictures are of a better quality. The collection consists of 280 subjects; and, following the catalogue, we will note those drawings which we think most worthy of attention.

Mr. H. G. Hine aims at peculiar effects. In his *Fire, Fire* (No. 3) he has caught the tone of a suddenly discovered city-conflagration better than he has seized on that of *A London Fog* (11); for though in the latter the atmosphere be dense and the sun lurid, as we so often see it, the humid pavement appears too watery and with its strongly reflected shadows suggests the idea of a stream rather than of a street. *A Bit of Florence—from the Santa Barnaba* (8), by Mr. R. M'Innes, is sharp and firm; but the view is too much confined to the house-tops to be a very attractive one,—with the remembrance, moreover, of the aspect of Florence from the Pavilion in the Grand Ducal Garden of Boboli, or from "the heights of Fiesole." The *Scene in Glen Falloch, Western Highlands* (10) proclaims its author, Mr. Copley Fielding, at a glance. Mr. W. Oliver's *Bayonne* (12) is in his usual agreeable style; and Mr. S. Palmer's *Scenery of West Somerset* (18) is well coloured and effective in its treatment. There are great freshness and transparency in *A Sketch from Nature on the Lea River* (23), by Mr. E. Duncan; and Mr. L. J. Wood is as careful as usual in his *Rue de Bac—Rouen* (28). Mr. F. Taylor has two subjects:—*August* (34), pointers and setters preparing for the field, and *September* (29), the same dogs after a good day's sport. The first is full of spirit,—the attraction of the second is, richness of colour. *Sancho* (30), by Mr. J. W. Glass, is a good study for a picture,—the salient characteristics of the worldly but credulous squire being very happily caught. *A Line of Asterisks* (33), expressive of a passage in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," by Mr. Chester Earles, conveys but a very feeble notion of the beauty or grace of "our general mother:"—nor does the choice of the subject deserve more commendation than its treatment.

The caprices of the late Mr. Turner are conspicuous in *A Wreck* (32),—and his beauties in *A Scene on the Washburn, under Folly Hill* (223), and *Plymouth* (244). The last is a perfect gem.—*A Sandpit* (38), by Mr. C. Davidson, is drawn with breadth and good effect.—*Venice, from the Giardini Pubblici* (40), by Mr. E. W. Cooke is marked by fine colour;—and Mr. J. Stark's *Beech Walk* (44) has an air of quiet truthfulness that is very pleasing.—The *Fruit Pieces* by Mr. G. Lance, (43, 188, 226), are as gorgeous and real as in all their natural autumnal ripeness;—and Mr. W. Hunt's *Blackberries* (218) and *Plums*—the last called a *Sketch from Nature* (233)—are worthy of even more than a schoolboy's longings.

We have the highest respect for Mr. George Cattermole's genius,—and his mastery over details and capacity for producing the finest effects in still-life are as manifest as ever in his two subjects from "Macbeth" (47 and 59); but as regards that which should predominate in these pictures—the moral grandeur and terrible expression—we confess to a disappointment. In the first drawing, Macbeth is stealing "towards his design" too much after the prescribed manner of Mr. Macready,—though the surrounding circumstances are well conceived; and in the second, the "murderers" have a gaping ex-



pression which borders on the ridiculous, and distracts the attention from the darkly-meaning countenance of the king. But the composition is good in each, and the colouring fine.—Mr. F. W. Topham has two subject-pictures,—*The Lesson* (56) and *The Spinning-Wheel* (278),—both of them marked by that adherence to nature which distinguishes his productions. He has also a very agreeable *Sketch on the Welsh Hills* (253).—Mr. H. C. Pidgeon has an excellent drawing of *Sonning Lock* (54);—*Craig-y-Llyn, in the Vale of Neath* (57), by Mr. W. Collingwood Smith, is bright and clear,—and so in an eminent degree is *Venetian Tracatoli waiting for the Tide* (58), by Mr. E. W. Cooke.—*Sir Isaac Newton's Discovery of the Tobacco Stopper* (62), by Mr. Kenny Meadows, is only an absurd caricature; and though there is beauty in the face of his *Desdemona interceding for the Restoration of Cassio* (119), the subject is overlaid by affectation.—Mr. C. Taylor's *Ship-Breaking—Gravesend* (66) is well drawn,—*A Winter's Evening* (73), by Mr. G. A. Williams, has all the cleverness of the prolific family to which he belongs,—and Mr. H. Jutsum's *Glen Cloy, in the Western Highlands* (73\*) is remarkable for its fine purple tints and misty depths.—*Toilet* (71) and *Rest* (81), by Mr. Carl Haghe, are striking in their effect and full of careful work, richly coloured, vigorously drawn and truthfully expressed.—Miss S. C. Townsend shows much promise in *The Lesson* (56).—the child's face is an excellent study.—Why Mr. A. Cowper should have called his subject *Indignation* (94), we are at a loss to conceive:—it is a "Mudora" theme, and "Surprise" would, we think, have been a more appropriate title.—But we must observe, that several of the numbers of the pictures and some of the labels have been strangely misplaced,—*The Tired Minstrel*, by Mr. T. Cafe, jun., being represented by a waterfall, and the real subject being unnumbered. More care should have been taken in correcting the press before the catalogue was issued, for mistakes in spelling and other inaccuracies abound.

There is a good head by Mr. E. Armitage, *La Petite Fille* (99);—*A Newchance Fisherman* (101), by Mr. T. S. Cafe, is clever,—and so is Mr. E. Duncan's *Mud-dredger on the Thames* (116).—Mr. G. A. Williams has a fine, transparent picture, *The Old Moat* (120);—and there is much nature as well as good drawing in Mr. P. Brown's *Birds'-nests* (121).—Mr. W. Callow's *Salmon Trap on the River Lym, North Devon* (110), is a quiet bit of nature;—and Mr. A. W. Williams throws an air of serenity over his well-coloured *Evening* (109).—Mr. J. Wilson, jun., has *A Breeze off the South Coast* (134).—Mr. J. Middleton's *A Sketch from Nature, in Buckhurst Park* (137).—Mr. A. Montague's *Sunny Morning at Dort* (142).—and Mr. C. Marshall—familiar, with a larger style—a scene *on the Conway* (151),—all of which have merits incontestible. We know not what to say to *Prudence listening to the Vows of Love* (105), by Mr. J. G. Naish; for though we can make no mistake about the representative of "Love," it puzzles us to determine the attributes of "Prudence." Several Interiors claim our best praise,—those of Mr. Hart beyond the rest. We have three Italian subjects from his pencil:—(261) *Refectory of the Ospitali at Florence*,—(268) *Baptistery of St. Mark, Venice*;—and (274) *Sala Cambio, at Perugia*. The master's hand is apparent in all.—Nor must Mr. A. Solomon be forgotten. His *Interior at Morlaix* (146) is a most faithful representation of a Breton ménage;—and Mr. R. M'Innes has been very successful in his treatment of the *Interior of a Cottage at Carpodì Cava, near Salerno* (153).

For a simple cartoon on a small scale, the greatest praise may safely be given to A. Ivons, a Russian artist, whose *Russian Peasants Playing at Dice* (161) is a very striking production. It impresses at once by its truth,—and is remarkable for freedom of drawing and harmony of composition. The hog under the table will not be overlooked by anyone familiar with the peasant life of Russia.—It may seem ungenerous to quarrel with the taste which suggested the costume of the *Sketch of my Partner* (141), by Mr. J. G. Naish; but we own, we should have preferred a more harmonious com-

bination of colours than we find in the strong contrast of black, white and yellow, selected to give effect to the unquestionable attractions of the original in the picture.—*The Artist's 'Vade Mecum'* (154), by Mr. D. Hemsley, is a capital notion of a Welsh boy-guide or attendant;—and Mr. Carl Haghe's *Study of a Head* (189) is well worthy of examination.—Mr. G. Stanfield has not been idle during the last autumn, though he may not have wandered far from home; but there was no occasion for him to do so, since his *Sketches on Hampstead Heath* (165 and 182) sufficiently justify the choice of his subjects, and show that the lover of nature may find ample materials for the exercise of art even at his own door.

We omitted in its regular order a view in the *Lincolnshire Meadows* (50), by Mr. F. R. Lee; but the *Mill on the River Yeo, North Devon* (180), by the same hand, and the *Ford and Stepping Stones, near Killin, N.B.* (228), opportunely remind us of the best landscapes in the Exhibition:—anything more natural or more pleasing it would be difficult to find. Mr. C. Branwhite is, as usual, very forcible and true in his delineations of winter scenery:—witness his *Frosty Morning* (175) and *Frosty Evening* (176),—both of them canal scenes, with locks unwillingly opening. Curious is the contrast between these English winter landscapes and the sun-illuminated Spanish cities of Mr. Luke Price. His *Plaza de Zocodover, at Toledo* (215), and *Bridge at Burgos* (230) are highly characteristic of the country to which they belong,—though the scattered figures that fill the foreground of both subjects are in an artistic point of view detrimental to the general effect. To omit Mr. Octavius Oakley's *Gipsy Girl* (235) from our list would be a great injustice:—for expression and colour it has no rival in this Exhibition.

Mr. J. Martin has two or three landscapes marked by his strong peculiarities. Mr. T. Uwins exhibits several designs for pictures which he has already painted. Mr. W. H. Hunt is in the same category. Mr. C. Lucy gives us a finished sketch for a picture in illustration of Tennyson's poem of "Dora." Mr. F. R. Pickersill has a subject-sketch from *Boccaccio* and another from *Shakespeare*; and Mr. D. G. Rossetti prepares us for forthcoming pictures after the manner of the Pre-Raphaelites.

The cultivated *Flowers* (168, 251) of Mr. V. Bartholomew have lost none of the exquisite colour and beauty of texture which his subjects always display;—and Miss L. E. Barker shows both taste and skill in her treatment of *Wild Flowers* (138). Miss Agnes Oakley (135) and Mrs. Withers (152) have both made very good studies of *Snipes*;—and Miss M. L. Oakley evinces considerable talent in *A Study of Larks* (144).

**FINE ART GOSSIP.**—As the construction of a new National Gallery on a different site may be considered as now definitively settled by the recent vote of Parliament, let us hope that the surrender of the whole of the present National Gallery to the present Royal Academy will not be made without some articles of condition. For instance, the Academy is a rich body, with a large sum in Government investments, a large annual income, and the certainty of receiving at Lady Chantrey's death a large accession to its receipts:—the Academy is, therefore, in a position to contribute something in aid of the new National Gallery in return for the surrender of the whole of the present building to its management. In any case, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is in a position to demand some reform from the Academy, in return for the grant of a new wing to its body larger than the wing in which it is at present located.—That this reform will be required from the Academy by the present Government, is probable from the language used in the House the other night by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We are to have, we observe, not committees of the House, but unpaid commissions of experienced men, to inquire into the efficiency of every office under the Crown. Some of these commissions are now sitting,—and are already rendering good service to the public. Why should we not have a commission of inquiry into the Royal Academy?—not a hostile commission, composed of "hip and thigh" men—but one

of gentlemen conversant with art, the state of art, the feelings of artists, and the constitutions of Academies at home and abroad.—We do trust, we repeat, that some return will be required from the Royal Academy before the surrender of a great public building is made to a half-private half-public body,—and that the Academy will not be weak enough to resist those changes which time and circumstances are rendering inevitable.

After more than one attempt on the part of the family to prepare for publication the Journals of the late Mr. B. R. Haydon, we learn that they are now intrusted to Mr. Tom Taylor. The whole of Mr. Haydon's correspondence has been, we understand, confided to Mr. Taylor's care,—and there is a chance of our seeing the complete book before the season is over.

Mr. Topham, of the Old Water Colour Society—known wherever English water colour art is known, by his admirable illustrations of Irish cabin and Connemara life—is on the eve of starting for Spain in search of new objects for his pencil. Spain has as yet been only imperfectly worked by English artists. Wilkie was the first to give us a taste of that country in his guerilla pictures; to Wilkie succeeded Mr. John Lewis;—and Mr. Lewis was followed in a different line by the pencil of our English Canaletti, Mr. David Roberts. All these brought good subjects home, and assisted in making us better acquainted with the Peninsula; but all left much for Mr. Topham to do,—and we shall be disappointed if the April Exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society does not contain some charming subjects from Granada to replace those Irish scenes hitherto the appropriate subjects of Mr. Topham's pencil.

A Lady Correspondent, writing from Bayeux, informs us that the removal of the famous Tapestry of that town—asserted in the French papers—has not taken place. This will be welcome intelligence to all rambles among the historical and picturesque old towns of Normandy. She says,—“I have this day examined it in a room of the building of the Public Library in Bayeux, where the good people of that place hope long to retain it. It is admirably cared for, and may last as many hundred years as it has seen.”—Our Correspondent favours us with a lady's criticism on this famous piece of princely industry.—“The outline,” she observes, “or sketching of the figures of this well-told story is made in black or red worsted, and in what we ladies call chain-stitch; the interior parts of the drawing being filled up with this same worsted (called in the North, *cruele*), and in various stitches still in use in our cotton embroideries; the ground of the long picture being a moderately fine white linen.”

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.** Conductor, Mr. Costa.—On WEDNESDAY, December 22nd, HANDEL'S MESSIAH. Vocalists:—Miss Birch and Madame Fiorentini, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey and Mr. H. Phillips. The Orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 Double Basses) nearly 70 Performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s. and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription is One, Two or Three Guineas per annum. In each of the last two years it included Eleven Concerts. Subscriptions now taken out entitle to Three Tickets for the above performance. Tickets obtained and subscriptions received at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

**HARMONIC UNION, Exeter Hall** for the Performance of Sacred and Secular Music. Conductor, Mr. Bonedist; Organist, Mr. H. Smart. The FIRST PERFORMANCE of this Society will take place on FRIDAY NEXT, the 17th inst., when will be performed a New Oratorio, Joseph, composed by Mr. C. H. Hensley, Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lauder. The Orchestra will include the most eminent Artists in the profession, and will number about Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription to the Society is One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum. A Row for Six Reserved Seats, Eight Guineas. Tickets obtained and subscriptions received at the Office of the Society, No. 5, Exeter Hall, and of all the principal Musicians.

**MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES.**—The second of these well-timed meetings had a programme of well-selected music, well executed.—A MS. Song by Mr. J. L. Hatton to words by Barry Cornwall, well sung by Mr. Benson, was perhaps the most absolute novelty:—we have also to specify with praise Signor Ciabatta's tasteful and finished performance of a Romance by Flotow. Nature has not given to this gentleman a voice of first-rate power; but for the refined chamber singing of a thorough musician he is excellent. Miss Dolby herself sang the fine *aria* by Stradella, "O mio

dolce ardor,' which she has introduced to the English public,—and Miss Laura Barker's excellent *cantata* ('Enone')—with her usual skill, in spite of her having been laid under tribute by this strange winter weather. Among the instrumental music, a *Solo* on the *cornet-à-piston*, by Herr König, was attractive, because of the player's beauty of tone.—Higher praise—such as belongs to good music as well as to perfect execution,—must be given to Mr. Lindsay Sloper's performance of Mendelssohn's P.F. *Caprice* in E minor. We have specified enough to justify the epithet above applied to Miss Dolby's musical evenings:—yet have neither mentioned all that was performed, nor named all the artists by whom she was assisted.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—A new five-act drama under the title of 'Might and Right' was produced on Wednesday, the scene of which is laid in Russia:—a novelty that conducted somewhat to the success of the performance. The plot would appear to be partly historical; but the events are shaped by the dramatist to his own ends without much regard to the original chronicle. The heroine is *Feodora* (Miss Cooper), daughter to the deceased Czar, *Vassili Ivanovitch*. Her death being sought by the regent, *Helena* (Mrs. Ternan), she was removed beyond the power and dominions of the latter, by the patriot *Belski* (Mr. Bennett), who had provided for the royal infant, under the name of Olga, an asylum in Florence. Helena becoming, in due time, Czarina of Russia, is uneasy until she finds the place of her step-daughter's retreat. Having discovered it, she despatches her favourite, *Obolenski* (Mr. Phelps), with instructions to pretend love for the orphan, and under the influence of that passion induce her to follow his fortunes to his own country. He succeeds in his mission; and, at the opening of the play, is, on his return homeward, pausing on the frontier of Muscovy. Here the heroine discovers a conspiracy among his self-followers to assassinate him, in order to effect their freedom,—and turns their minds from the project by distributing a sum of money amongst them as their master's largess. He and the lady herself, it should be mentioned, are alike ignorant of her origin and rights; but *Obolenski* naturally feels remorse when he finds himself indebted for his life to an innocent girl whom he was betraying into the hands of an undoubted enemy. This sentiment proceeds so far that he delays his return to the court of his imperious mistress,—pausing to rest at his own palace, distant a few leagues. This circumstance excites the suspicions of the Czarina; and, instead of awaiting his arrival, she hastens to his house, *incognito*, to meet him. A scene of embarrassment ensues; which is ended by her placing Olga or Feodora in safe custody, and directing the personal attendance of *Obolenski* on herself. Forthwith, she summons her council of Boyards, states the case, and demands the death of Feodora as necessary to the "reign of order." This is conceded,—but *Obolenski* seeks to prevent the consequences. He ventures to plead for the life of the doomed victim,—pretending that his love for the Czarina remains unaltered, and appealing to her mercy. For a moment she is subdued, and grants the boon,—but it is accepted with such demonstration of joy, that she is at once convinced of *Obolenski*'s love for the object of her malice. Ambition and jealousy are now irresistible motives for instant action:—fortunately, however impossible, *Belski* having, in the disguise of a Jew, got access to *Obolenski*'s castle, formerly his own, organized a rebellion, and secured the person of Feodora, who now is in a fair way of recovering her "right." But the way to this recovery is by the exercise of "might,"—and that necessitates bloodshed, and *Obolenski*'s ruin. Feodora will consent to neither; and her partisans have to employ compulsion. In the ensuing *mélée* she effects her escape; and by so doing falls again into the hands of the inflexible Helena,—who throws her into prison. Here Helena visits the captive, with the purpose of showing her the baseness of *Obolenski*'s pretended attachment,—and leaves her almost dead of a broken heart. It is in vain that the repentant and now truly loving man

would subsequently prevail upon Feodora to fly with him;—she will no longer trust him,—and is consequently led out to execution. But at this point the future Czarina is suddenly rescued by the insurgent serfs and Boyards. Helena herself becomes a fugitive,—and Feodora is crowned, having been permitted first to pardon *Obolenski*.

Such is in part the story of a piece which has all the melo-dramatic elements of a good play, but is deficient in the poetic style requisite to entitle it to that character. So utterly inadequate is the language of the dialogue to the conception, and to the structure of the drama altogether, that we suspect it to be a bald version of some foreign production—we think, from certain vague recollections with which we are haunted, probably a translation from the Danish. However this may be, from the force of the incidents and situations, the beauty of the scenery and costumes, and the general merit of the acting and getting-up, the performance was exceedingly well received by a numerous audience. The author was called for—but did not appear,—and Mr. Phelps came forward to state, that he was ignorant of his name.—Should this piece fail to have a run, it will be entirely owing to the want of tone and colour in the diction, the absence of which embarrassed the elocutionary efforts of both Mrs. Ternan and Miss Cooper, and almost left the manager without an opportunity for that declamation in which his *forte* as a tragedian mainly consists.

**SOHO.**—This theatre was opened on Monday, under the management of Mrs. Brougham, with a regular company for the performance of legitimate drama. Mr. Walter Shelley appeared in the part of *Cardinal Richelieu*, and evinced much exactitude and skill in producing all the requisite stage points. He is evidently a well-practised actor,—and was favourably received by a very respectable audience.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—In consequence of the success of Mr. Woodin's "Carpet Bag" entertainment at the Marionette Theatre, the puppet *troupe* have been compelled to adjourn to other quarters,—and opened a new season here, on Monday. 'The Sixth Act of Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Châlet,' and 'The Ebony Marionettes' formed the programme of the evening. From these the first has been since withdrawn, for the purpose of abridging the performances. The entertainments were felt to have been too long by the fashionable audience assembled,—and the omission is judicious. Much improvement, since their first introduction, has been accomplished in the figures,—particularly in the movement of the lips, which in the comic characters has been made very expressive. The Ethiopian *troupe*, in particular, is remarkable for its resemblance to life. It works so well that the illusion is complete. The exhibition continues to be successful.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

THOUGH creative art or manufacture have not done much for music in Paris lately—though "the season" has hardly yet set in—and though the Empire, with its chapel-masterships, *Te Deums*, masses, &c., and all the intrigues and efforts thereunto appertaining, is in every one's mouth as a topic casting other topics into shade,—there is still a considerable array to be disposed of for the visitor who has not been to Paris earlier in the year 1852.

The *Grand Opéra* is not in a satisfactory state at present,—but when has it been so since that bright period during which 'Robert,' 'La Juive,' 'Les Huguenots' succeeded each other in rapid succession, sung by Cinti, Falcon, Dorus, Nourrit, and Levasseur, and danced by Taglioni and the Elslers!—Seven years of M. Duprez—three seasons of Madame Viardot—'La Favorite' and 'Le Prophète'—M. Halévy frequently producing—M. Meyerbeer, on system, temporizing, coquetting, withholding, and demanding impossible resources,—such, in brief, is the story of the *Académie* during the last sixteen years;—and something like this, perhaps, must from time to time be always

the story of a theatre so exhausting in its scale and so peculiar in the exigencies of its public. Great singers, declaimers and actors do not spring up in companies thick as mushrooms:—great composers cannot be everlastingly and incessantly producing great works, especially at a time when all conceivable devices of theatrical effect have been assembled and lavished. Perhaps, however, the limits of opera for the eye have been reached in the vision of the "Last Judgment" closing M. Halévy's 'Juif,'—which in its absurd sumptuousness rivals those decorations of the old 'Berenice' which make a stock figure in the pages of every musical annalist and anecdote-monger. Perhaps, too, it may help to discredit spectacular music that both M. Halévy's score and M. Scribe's drama to the most outrageous and objectionable piece of show ever attempted at the *Grand Opéra*, should be condemned on every hand as noisy, dull, and without ideas. But who shall dare to say more than "perhaps" with regard to anything French? Some opera to come may exhibit the *Malebolge* or *Pandemonium* to which this vision of *Ahasuerus* is but, as it were, the prologue. At all events, we are spared from such terrible work for the present, since M. Niedermeyer (whose five-act opera is to be produced next in order) is notoriously one of the meekest and most elegant of composers, and could not, it may be asserted, if he would, get up an *Inferno*,—were M. Roqueplan or the powers at the Tuileries (by whom M. Niedermeyer is said to be strongly protected) ever so pressing.

Just now the *Grand Opéra* may be said to be a world without a *prima donna*. The principal lady, Madame Tedesco, has a mezzo *soprano* voice, two octaves and more in extent,—rich, even, powerful, and so far as tone goes more effective than Mdlle. Alboni's because it is more brilliant. As a singer, however, Madame Tedesco is but a *hackaback* Alboni, without warmth, or charm, or extraordinary facility. As an actress, she has no power, and pretends to none,—stands solidly still,—and lets the play be played out without offering any interference. There is small chance of her long keeping her present position. Ere long, too, the *Grand Opéra* will have to seek for a new tenor;—since M. Roger is paying the penalty of ambition by singing on a reduced allowance of voice, and frequently failing in the exhibition of what remains to him,—while M. Gueymard, who had a golden moment of opportunity some two years ago, instead of improving it by taking a singing-master, conceived himself thenceforward called on to cry aloud, and do little beside. The recent revival of 'Moïse' has made it too clear that he has neither grace, taste, nor expression. On the other hand, M. Obin, who performs the part of *Moïse*, has made a most favourable impression by his grand bass voice, well-regulated method of singing, and expressive dignity as an actor;—and the opera attracts fuller houses than it did on its first production. The other day, in the letter to Mdlle. Uccelli which has gone the round of the musical journals, it pleased Rossini once again to be sarcastic on the taste for lugubrious mysteries in music which has seized the world. It seems hopeless to wish that the attention drawn by this revival of 'Moïse' might awaken the lethargic and cynical *maestro* to some effort more generous than sarcasm,—and that he would decline further to advertise himself by exhibiting to the world the spectacle of a great artist wearing out the prime of his life in solitary indulgence and indolent spleen.

To return to the matter more immediately in hand. M. Réber's 'Le Père Gaillard,' at the *Opéra Comique*, is simply one of the most charming French comic operas, old or young, that was ever written: so eminently charming, and comic, and French—so full of fresh melody and neat musical ingenuity—as to claim a careful notice on some future day. The *libretto* is simple, but sufficient,—and (for France) healthy in its interest. The success is complete:—and if it prove that M. Réber can treat other subjects as characteristically as he has treated this pleasant rural tale, he will be most precious to a theatre which was beginning to suffer under the weight of new comic operas in reality very heavy. The highest praise, too, must



be given to M. Bataille, who sustains the part of the hero,—and whose performance of the cordial, manly *chansonnier*-landlord is in many points not unworthy of Bouffé himself.—The *Théâtre Lyrique* has its operatic success too, in M. Adam's 'Si j'étais Roi';—but here, music has small part in the pleasure, since more trite and flimsy music could hardly be. The book, however, founded on the well known Eastern tale of the fisherman found asleep on the shore, who was made king for a day, is very pretty, and the performance is capital. Mlle. Sophie Noel as heroine, M. Tallon as hero, and M. Junca, as the kill-joy and intriguer (which a black-bearded *basso* must of necessity be), act as well as if they could not sing at all; and the two former go through their musical duties with great taste and refinement. I heard no such singing at the Grand Opera at Berlin on its gala nights—nor at Dresden—nor, indeed, anywhere in Germany—as these meritorious and well-trained artists afforded. Yet they belong—recollect—to the third musical theatre of Paris.

The only novelty produced at the Italian theatres of Paris up to this time of writing has been, a new syllable exhibited by the lady known at our Royal Italian Opera as Mlle. Bertrandi—the third best of *Adalgisa*. In Paris she is Mlle. Beltramelli, and a *prima donna*; and by way of crossing the Rubicon which separates second from first rank, she has stepped across the mill-wheel in 'La Sonnambula,' without either her new syllable or her new step exciting the slightest sensation. What a poor device is this to hide the absence of that progress which makes every old acquaintance rejoice in the promotion of the artist who merits it.—Ere my letter is printed possibly 'Luina Miller' will have seen the light. In this opera Signor Valli is to make his *début*—Madame Vera is to make her *début*, it is said, as *Ninetta* in 'La Gazza.'

There is a quartet party at present to be heard in Paris, consisting of MM. Maurin, Sabatier, Mas, and Chevallard, who perform Beethoven's Posthumous Quartetts most excellently. These difficult and deep compositions have been as thoroughly read as they are thoroughly rendered by the gentlemen named,—and without that super-precision and over-solicitous coquetry of accent which impair the hearer's pleasure in most French execution of German music.—The orchestral performances of the season will begin on the 12th by the first concert of the *Société Sainte Cécile*; in the programme of which the overture to Schubert's 'Fier-a-Bras' and M. Gounod's 'Ave verum' may be noted as novelties. It seems possible—so far as one can foretell anything for "fickle France,"—that the movement in Roman Catholicism may have a direct influence on the production and revival of service music; and that we may hear again of commissions for Masses, *Stabat maters*, &c. &c. Be this as it may, there is no avoiding a certain impression of musical life and activity in Paris. Though matters move forward on the old arithmetical plan of the ant that for every three steps advanced stepped back two steps and ninety-nine hundredths,—though the impatient by-stander is teased with the sight of contradictions and inconsistencies—here, a silly one-sidedness,—there, a dangerous laxity,—he is not altogether, as in Italy, vexed by the sight of utter decay,—nor, as in Germany, arrested by the symptoms of fierce disease. To use the catch-word of *Duke Hercule* in 'Le Nuit aux soufflets,' "il peut arriver quelque chose" for music in Europe—even under that strange display of stage management, the Empire of Napoleon *Trois*.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The *Sacred Harmonic Society* began its operations for the winter some weeks ago with a performance of the fragments of Mendelssohn's 'Christus,'—the funeral scene from 'Samson,' in memory of the Duke of Wellington,—and Spohr's 'Last Judgment.'—The first performance of 'The Messiah,' announced to take place last evening, was to introduce Madame Fiorentini as a new *soprano*,—whose chances as a singer of Oratorio music must be considered on some future day. On a future day, too, we may speak of the amended and decorated aspect of

Exeter Hall (which, however, cannot be accepted as our complete Metropolitan music-room till its outlets of access and departure shall be amended),—and of the important changes which have been made in the organ during the recess. Enough for the moment to remark, that the *Sacred Harmonic Society* appears wisely resolved to turn its prosperity to good account by improving the locality as well as the means for its performances. The Society appears also to have been wisely "casting about" in quest of additions to its repertory,—since the programme for the new season announces that—

"The Committee purpose reproducing, in the course of the ensuing season, Handel's Oratorio, 'Judas Macabeus,' and trust to be enabled to revive another of Handel's Oratorios (not performed by the Society for several years), and likewise to produce (for the first time by the Society) Beethoven's celebrated 'Mass in D,' and Mozart's 'Requiem.' They also entertain hopes of being able to bring forward, at an early period, a new Oratorio."

—The above is all to the purpose; though it may be repeated that in the selection of Catholic Service-music, as well as of Oratorios, our managements are too apt to move in a circle. Otherwise, it would hardly have been possible for the English during so long a period of activity and enlightenment to have been left in such complete ignorance of the Masses and Requiem of Cherubini.

At the first Concert of the *Harmonic Union*—the new choral society, directed by M. Benedict, which is to be held in Exeter Hall on Friday next—will be performed a Motett (No. 6), by Sebastian Bach, and Mr. Charles Horsley's 'Joseph.' The programme for 1852-3 promises that—

The second performance of the season will comprise Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night'; Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens'; a New Overture, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie; and a Pianoforte Concerto, by W. S. Bennett, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard. Mr. Pierson's new Oratorio 'Jerusalem,' which has recently created considerable sensation, will also be put in rehearsal, and produced. \* \* It is contemplated to prepare during the season, Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang,' &c.; Bach's *Passion* and Motetts; and some of the ecclesiastical music of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, &c. The secular works will comprise, besides those already mentioned, Handel's 'Alexander's Feast'; Haydn's 'Seasons,' and 'Leonora,' a new cantata, by Mr. Macfarren. \* \* The eminent composer, Mr. William Sterndale Bennett, has undertaken to complete the composition of a new sacred work, which they confidently hope to be able to perform before the termination of the present season.

—It will be seen by the above, that the new Society takes up ground already occupied by Mr. Hullah at his *Monthly Concerts*. For these, it will be remembered, Mr. Macfarren's 'Leonora' was written, and Mr. W. S. Bennett's Oratorio has been "to be completed" for some two years past. The announcement of Mr. Pierson's 'Jerusalem' is curious when the nature of "the sensation" created by that oratorio is considered. We fear that it must be read as implying the exhibition of a mantle of charity for all that calls itself "native talent,"—which, according to our reading, is merely a mantle of delusion and encouragement for what is good, bad and indifferent. On this rock, it is to be hoped, the new Society will not split. There is no real public, with us, for concert-music described by the two latter epithets.

The Musical Institute of London has resumed its meetings for the season of 1852-3.—The dates of these are Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th and 18th, Jan. 15th and 29th, Feb. 12th and 26th, March 12th, April 9th and 23rd.

We have too few signs of musical movement beyond the Tweed or across the Irish Channel to commemorate. Edinburgh continues to have a separate existence in the memory of musicians as the city in which the Reid Legacy is misapplied. Though there is good performance in Dublin—excellent amateurship, as we happen to know, and considerable creative fancy,—there has been hitherto, little or no individual movement for the benefit or pleasure of Ireland as Ireland. Viewed in this point of view, we are glad to call attention to a "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland," in progress of formation, the intention of which is to proceed after the fashion of other Societies of the kind—namely, by annual publications with a given subscription. In one respect, however, the projectors seem wiser than some of their contemporaries, as announce-

ing a limit. While their *prospectus* asserts that "a large body of the national music of Ireland, both vocal and instrumental, now exists in the hands of collectors who possess many hundred fine airs not yet published," a later paragraph undertakes that the term of the Society's existence shall "be limited in the first instance to five years from the 1st of January 1852."—Such a provision as the last implies a certain amount of energy among the projectors and a corresponding interest among the subscribers to the new Society, for want of which many a fair undertaking of the kind has perished after a few years of dwindling life.

We are informed, that it is Mr. Gye's intention to open next year's season at the Royal Italian Opera with Spohr's 'Jessonda.' In this opera, it is said, that Signor Gardoni will appear.—Mlle. Wagner, we hear, is expected by the management to sing here in 1853.—Thirdly, Signor Lablache has at last gone over to Covent Garden, if rumour is to be credited.—A letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Gazette Musicale* of this week, states that the appearance of this great artist and Ronconi together, in comic opera, has been irresistible.

The Italian journals contain a good story of a good new *cantatrice* who has appeared, in the person of Signora Marietta Piccolomini. This is a young lady of princely family, who has become a *prima donna* as resolutely as other young ladies have become nuns,—pleading "her vocation" as her reason for taking a step so distasteful to her relations.—Ever since we have known Italian Opera, there has been always some appearance of the kind. Should the new *soprano* prove a real, and not a sham, singer, little will any listener care whether she was born a *Trasteverina*, or in consanguinity with a Doria, a Colonna, or a Borghese. For the most part, "family" has been pleaded in Art as an excuse for incompleteness in artistic education.

M. Chélaré, who has been lost sight of for many years (but whose 'Macbeth' contains music which ought not to be forgotten), has recently arrived in Paris, and an opera by him is to be performed at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, with the title of 'Les Indes Galantes':—*quatre*, a re-setting of the tale of old so well set by Rameau.—M. Sarmiento, too, has an opera forthcoming at the same theatre.—It is said that the part by MM. Scribe and Aubert, in their new opera, about to be given at the *Opéra Comique*, which is destined for the *début* of Mlle. Caroline Duprez, has been contrived so as to make that young lady sing in four languages.

Every one acquainted with the humorous designers among the French artists must long since have, also, become acquainted with M. Henri Monnier's *Monieur Prudhomme*,—the type of all that is small, mean, pretending, ignorant, and afraid in Parisian cockneyhood. After having displayed this worthy by the pencil in every ridiculous and stupid position imaginable, his creator has put him on the stage in a five-act comedy at the *Odéon*,—and, what is more, personates his own creation. Such a character in skilful hands is susceptible of as many uses, morals, and messages as a *Figaro* or a *Pickwick*:—and hence it will not surprise us if the library of Parisian drama has its heptology, if not more, of *Prudhomme* selfishness and cowardice displayed in dramas of action, passion and suffering.—'Un Fils de Famille,' by M. Bayard, is, at the same time, "running" successfully at the *Gymnase*. Another blow has been given to established theatrical demarcations and monopolies by the privilege, just granted to that theatre, to perform pieces in verse.

#### MISCELLANEA

The late Sir J. J. Guest.—On the 26th of November last died, at Dowla, near Merthyr Tydvil, in the 68th year of his age, Sir J. J. Guest, member for that borough, and one of the largest ironmasters in the world. Like the Arkwrights and the Peels, the late Baronet, by his own skill and industry, had raised to the greatest prosperity a most important branch of British trade, and had

accumulated a colossal fortune. His grandfather, Mr. John Guest, the son of a small freeholder at Brosely, in Shropshire, accompanied, in the middle of the last century, to South Wales, a well-known cannon-founder named Wilkinson, and the first furnace was raised, under their joint superintendence, at Dowlais. The works were sold at his death to a firm, of which his son, the father of the late Baronet, was the manager. In 1806 they only produced yearly about 5000 tons of iron, and were, on the death of the proprietors, in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. The entire management then devolved upon Sir J. J. Guest, who, by his extraordinary capacity for business, his mechanical ingenuity (to which many of the most important improvements in the working of iron are to be attributed), and by a judgment in mercantile transactions rarely equalled, not only cleared the firm from debt, but raised the produce of the mines in a few years to no less than 68,000 tons. In 1849 the entire property in the Dowlais works became vested in him. He was returned for the newly created borough of Merthyr after the passing of the Reform Bill, and has represented that place ever since. He was made a baronet in 1838; and married in 1833 (being then a widower) the Lady Charlotte Bertie, only daughter of the late Earl of Lindsay—a lady to whom is owing much of the moral and social improvement that has taken place in the population connected with the Dowlais works. Identifying herself with the people, she acquired their language, translated and published their national traditions, and directed her well-deserved influence to the establishment of schools and other institutions for the education of the working classes. The funeral of the late Baronet was attended by an immense concourse of people,—as many as 20,000 persons being, it is said, assembled in Dowlais. All business and work was suspended for the day throughout the district.—This slight record of his life is due to the memory of a man who was one of that class to which this country owes so much of her wealth and prosperity.—*Times*.

*Phenomena of Light*.—Mr. Hardy, when he says, in his letter published in your last Number, that he pointed out to me, in August 1851, certain appearances which he specifies, while trying Mr. Dawes's plan of small-aperture eye-pieces, has misinformed you. Mr. Hardy received from myself, to whom Mr. Dawes had shown it on the 18th of September 1851, at Liverpool, the first intelligence of that plan, then quite new, and not published till April 1852, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society. I then also suggested to him that this reticulated appearance, which I showed him, having long been familiar with it, might vitiate the action of the eye-piece. (This suggestion was indeed erroneous, as I was soon afterwards satisfied.) Mr. Hardy's letter is meant to suggest that I ought not to have omitted to state that I was indebted to him for a knowledge of these appearances. I was not indebted to him for the information; and, indeed, if I had been, considering that the facts had been observed by very many others previously (he himself names eight in his letter), I do not see that a necessity would have arisen for a formal acknowledgment of his "re-discovery." His insinuation, therefore, is, as I have told him in a private communication nearly a month ago, both unjust and frivolous—I am, &c. J. HIPPILEY, Ston Easton, Nov. 30.

\* Matters of mere personal controversy like the above have no interest for our readers, and are not proper subjects for discussion in our columns. We cannot carry the matter further except in the form of advertisement.

*Holyrood Palace*.—The *Dundee Courier* says:—Some conversation took place at a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council with reference to the charges made upon visitors to Holyrood Palace. Dr. Sibbald characterized it as a most discreditable state of affairs for parties to be making 800*l.* and 1,000*l.* a-year by the exhibition of the Palace, when the clergy of the Canongate were working at porters' wages. The Lord Provost said that, when the Duchess of Kent was lately in Edinburgh, she paid a sovereign to be allowed to inspect her daughter's palace. However, the Lord Provost's Committee were now in correspondence with the Treasury on the subject, and they had likewise despatched a letter to Lord John Manners, Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works.

*Erratum*.—P. 1335, col. 3, l. 20, for "should enjoy," read "should not enjoy."

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